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[J. HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Voyage en Suède.—[Travels in Sweden].

Par Alexandre Daumont. 2 vols. Paris: Arthus-Bertrand; London, Dulau & Co.

DURING a residence of six months in Sweden, M. Daumont travelled over the southern parts lying between Helsingborg and Stockholm, by routes different from that followed by our countryman, Mr. Barrow: he also made excursions into some other districts, principally those containing the mines in Dalecarlia; and, from having had access to official persons and papers, was able to collect much useful statistical information, with which, as well as his own observations, we are presented in these volumes. We shall pursue our usual method in noticing such works, and endeavour to present a connected view of their contents, with specimens of the entertainment, and an abstract of the information which they contain; and we shall do this the more freely in the present instance, as Sweden is a country which has not been much visited by modern travellers. Of this fact, M. Daumont's first experience in the country afforded him rather a troublesome proof. When passing over from Elsinour to Helsingborg, he had provided himself with some Napoleons for current expenses, confident that, in every country, gold would find an easy circulation; but at Helsingborg he was undeceived:—

On presenting my Napoleons to exchange them for Swedish paper, no one would take them. I had come recommended to M. Roth, a rich merchant of the town, and the consular agent of France; but he knew not a word of either French or English, and I could not make him understand what I wanted. My surprise was great: I could not conceive how, in a maritime town in such constant communication with Elsinour, I should find it impossible to change some pieces of money; and this circumstance gave me a poor idea of their commercial relations. At length I was obliged to have recourse to my friend at Elsinour, and once more request his good offices. I sent across a boat, which in the evening returned, bringing in exchange for my Napoleons a bundle of slips of paper, dirty, torn, and bearing some inscriptions quite beyond my power to decipher—these were the national currency of Sweden. Notes of this kind circulate until they are worn out; and as the peasantry of the distant provinces seldom think of sending them to Stockholm to be exchanged for new notes, the quantity thus destroyed is so much clear gain to the national bank.

It would, however, require a very considerable destruction before this item of profit would deserve notice in a financial statement, as several of these notes are for no higher a sum than eight skillings; three of which, according to Mr. Barrow, go to make one penny sterling;—a currency indicating such extremely moderate capital and transactions, as almost to reconcile us to the story which we once heard, of a bank in the kingdom of Kerry which issued threepenny notes, and failed for five-and-twenty shillings.

The system of passports is enforced with much strictness:—

On entering Sweden, though provided with an excellent French passport, I was obliged to take another in Swedish, doubtless for the accommodation of messieurs the baillies, who might choose to demand it; and this new passport cost me about twenty francs. As soon as a stranger arrives at Stockholm, the police call to demand his passport; and one or two days after he is waited on by one of the intendants, who presents him a printed paper containing several questions in French, English, German, and Russian, on a blank space opposite which he is obliged to write down his answers. These questions are sufficiently minute; such as, What is the object of your journey? With what persons are you acquainted? To whom do you bring introductions? What is the probable duration of your stay? &c. &c. Strangers are the object of particular attention: their actions, though not restrained, are carefully watched; and if they give the least umbrage, they soon find themselves placed under a most rigid surveillance.

It is little use for a traveller to bring his own carriage to Sweden: as soon as he lands it is seized and conveyed to the custom-house, where it must remain unless he chooses to deposit its full estimated value, for which he gets a receipt: the money is returned if he leaves the country within a year and a day, otherwise it is forfeited to the crown. On all imported carriages a duty of thirty per cent. is charged as a protection to the home manufacture, which, from being thus sheltered from foreign competition, is as clumsy and unimproved as most articles similarly circumstanced. With a carriage or a drosky of some kind, however, the traveller must provide himself, as diligences or public conveyances there are none. The mode of procuring horses, postilions, &c., together with a general idea of Swedish travelling, will be found in the *Athenæum*, No. 341.

M. Daumont's first view of the country and its inhabitants was very pleasing:—

Leaving Helsingborg, my view extended over gently undulating hills, between which wound the road, narrow, but perfectly smooth. Two small black horses, lively and full of spirit, bore rapidly along my frail vehicle; while on every side well-cultivated fields covered with green and flourishing crops, hamlets isolated or picturesquely grouped, busy-looking farmsteads, villages clean and well built, and castles surrounded by parks, met my astonished and delighted glance. It was market-day at Helsingborg: the road was covered with a fine fair-haired population, looking honest and hearty; and here, for the first time, I had an opportunity of observing Swedish politeness; not one of them passed without addressing me a kindly greeting, which I did my best to return. The mien, the expression of countenance, of those men, all announced comfort and content; almost all rode in cars harnessed to good horses: I did not see a man on foot, except those who were driving cattle. * * *

Arrived at Vernamo, I had my first experience of a country tavern: my breakfast, composed of coffee, butter, and fresh eggs, was

served in a sort of little saloon,—the floor of which, recently washed, was strewn with wild flowers and little branches of fir. This rustic luxury has in it something affecting; it recalls the days of primitive simplicity, of rural manners, and of friendly hospitality. It is a custom of extreme antiquity, and universally observed amongst the peasants: formerly it existed even in the palaces of kings, but is now almost obsolete in cities, where it is only preserved in the houses of the lower orders. * * *

The day (it was early in June) was delightful, and my road now lay through silent forests, whose deep masses of shade had thrown me into a reverie, from which I started at the unexpected sight of a camp and a Swedish regiment under arms. This sudden transition from the most perfect calm to the tumult of arms had a magical effect upon me: transported with the view, I hastened to descend from my carriage to enjoy it. The little camp, with its snow-white tents relieved against the deep green of the pine grove, in which it seemed embosomed—the troops manœuvring at the word of their leader, whose commands were heard repeated by the echoes—the rustling of their accoutrements, their measured tread, the regimental music, the rolling of the drums, and the animated looks and anxious movements of a crowd of spectators, who had assembled to witness the scene,—enlivened the solitude, and presented a spectacle at once singular and delightful.

From these glimpses of rustic scenery we must turn to the towns:—

Jönköping is situated at the southern extremity of Lake Weter,—a magnificent sheet of water thirty leagues in length, by seven to eight in breadth. Like most other Swedish towns it is well built; the streets are of a lively appearance, regular, and lined by neat houses, chiefly of timber, painted externally: nowhere do you see those Gothic gables and smoky, dusky buildings, which lend a sombre air to the German villages. But if the Swedish towns are pleasant to the view, they buy the advantage rather dearly, by the frequent fires to which they are subject, and which reduce them almost periodically to ashes. * * * Even at Stockholm fires are of frequent occurrence, though every precaution is taken to guard against them. Watchmen are placed on all the towers and belfries of the city to give the alarm by sounding a tocsin in case of fire. During the night they may be heard chanting the hours through a goat's horn; and this sound, borne through the calm and stillness of night, has something mournful and solemn.

M. Daumont's first essay at conversation was not very successful:—

The kitchen of the village inn was furnished with copper utensils, bright and polished: my dinner was served in an adjoining apartment, and, seasoned by a keen appetite, appeared delicious. I wished then to enter into conversation with my entertainers. The venerable head of the family was with leisurely gravity tasting the smoke of his patriarchal pipe; two or three young and pretty girls were examining me with much curiosity; some neighbours had come to increase the circle, and I prepared myself for a *conversazione*, from which I expected much pleasure, when, unfortunately, I found that my interpreter (whom I had brought from Helsingborg) and I could not understand one another, so

that I was obliged to give it up; and after having mutually contemplated each other through the smoke of their pipes and my cigar, I saw that the best thing I could do was to go to bed,—and I did so.

But now for Stockholm, which our traveller approached from the Baltic, having taken ship at Nyköping, and coasted up:—

Towards evening we arrived amongst the immense archipelago which forms the entrance to the port of Stockholm: the sea was strewn with a multitude of isles, said to exceed four thousand in number; on every side they appeared piled, scattered, and grouped around, as in the wildest confusion: we were sailing through an apparently inextricable labyrinth. We tracked our course through a canal bordered by islands, some green and flowery, others covered with thick wood, or of which the denuded surface showed nothing but rock. All at once a chain of jagged mountains surrounded us on every side: I thought myself transported into the midst of a peaceful lake, so much did the clear and limpid waters of the Baltic add to the illusion. An outlet presented itself scarce sufficient to give passage to our boat; we could almost touch the land on either side. Soon the strait widened, and we found ourselves in the midst of strange fantastic-looking islands: here rose a serrated rock, seeming to serve as outwork to a Gothic fortress, of which you thought you could discern the battlements and turrets; there a pointed granite obelisk sprang from the bosom of the waves, and shot aloft into the clear blue sky; or an unhappy looking islet, which, bared to the quick, seemed destined merely as a resting-place for sea-birds, who were nestling around its summit. At rare intervals the eye reposed on the verdant sod of some cultivated nook studied with thickets, from amidst which gleamed a happy-looking farm or country-house, which caprice or necessity had planted in this solitude.

• • • Lost in this labyrinth of isles, one would never suspect the vicinity of a great and beautiful capital; yet, as you approach it, you see from time to time houses or public buildings dispersed on the sides and at the foot of mountains, or on the crests of grey granite rocks. Woods and cliffs still abound; cultivation is rare; art seems to have lent no aid to the beauties of nature—all is wild, savage, and majestic. • • • My desire to arrive augmented in proportion as we neared the city; and my impatience had lost all bounds, when suddenly, turning a jutting promontory, my eyes were greeted with the magic view of Stockholm. Nothing can equal the effect of this sudden and almost instantaneous transition from the deep silence of the solitudes through which we had been passing, to the pomp and bustle of a splendid city. Viewed from the entrance of the harbour, the prospect is peculiarly admirable. Elegant buildings grouped or dispersed around the circuit of the port crowded with vessels, some riding at anchor, others moored along the quays: beautiful mansions, rocks, woods, pleasure grounds and gardens, in confused mass, occupying the centre of the picture; while above all towers in solitary grandeur the castle, and with its frowning battlements crowns the wonderful scene.

M. Daumont had served with Bernadotte when a simple *chef de bataillon* in the French army; he now visited him when a king—here is a full-length portrait:—

The King is now sixty-nine years of age: he was born at Pau the 26th January, 1764. Years have not affected his vigorous constitution; a profusion of hair, still as black as ebony, covers, without concealing, that lofty brow, on which neither the cares of power nor the hand of time have yet traced a wrinkle: his animated countenance kindles up in speaking, as when,

thirty years since, he related to me some of his exploits with the army of Italy. Every muscle of his energetic head, in which are developed activity of thought and a genius for great achievements, is then in action; those black, sparkling, penetrating eyes, which lend it animation, have lost none of their brilliancy; his figure has gained but little *embonpoint*; his carriage is always noble and erect, though naturally less free and pliant than in youth; and there is still the same attention to personal neatness—the same simple and unaffected elegance of manner, by which he was always distinguished.

As a *pendant* to the above, we must give the Crown-Prince:—

At this review I saw Prince Oscar, whom I had known as an infant. This young prince is distinguished as much by his external advantages as by his merit and personal qualities: his figure is noble and prepossessing—his manners elegant, graceful, and full of dignity. He is much beloved by the Swedes, who are proud of him: he is our child, say they—it is we who have formed him to reign one day in Sweden. And, in fact, he is a true Swede; he speaks their language; he has entirely adopted their manners and customs; his table is served in the Swedish style, and nothing but Swedish is spoken there; while at his father's, French is the language used. Prince Oscar has received a most brilliant education under the directions of M. Lemoine, formerly head of an institution at Paris. He is skilled in ancient and modern languages, in history, and the literature of almost all the nations in Europe; he cultivates the sciences with success, more particularly mathematics and chemistry; he understands the fine arts, paints with taste, and is enthusiastically fond of music. His usual society is that of men of learning and letters; he not unfrequently mounts his drosky in the morning, to go and spend entire days with the celebrated chemist Berzelius, or some other *savant*. He is now about thirty-four years of age, having happily passed that period at which our passions bear so much sway over our future destiny: his inclinations, his desires—all simple and modest—have gained him universal esteem; and every thing seems to forebode that he will consolidate a dynasty—the only one which, issuing from the storms of our revolution, still remains in existence.

And now, as sudden transitions seem characteristic of Swedish scenery, let us pass from the throne to the hut; and having seen the king, let us view his hardy Dalecarlian peasantry:—

The Dalecarlian unites frankness, honesty, and intelligence to that gravity which distinguishes a man of independence: he is generally strongly built; his forehead is high, his countenance open, and his gait firm and confident; his witty answers contrast strangely with his rude exterior. The peasant is usually proprietor of the soil which he tills; and however small that property, it serves to give him the free and haughty air which marks all his actions. At his death, his property is divided amongst his male children; and, in consequence, their portions frequently are so small that, unable to live by agriculture alone, they are obliged to add to it some other branch of industry; yet so great is their love for their natal soil, that they never sell, or dispose of, their inheritance, however trifling. • • • All the peasants of a village are at once labourers, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, smiths, joiners, and masons; that is, they endeavour, by individual activity, to make up for the disadvantages of their position; and Dalecarlia, though too thickly peopled for its arid soil, would enjoy a competence, did not its cultivated fields too often fail of their expected produce.

On such occasions bread is made from the bark of trees: the government send them supplies of corn, to be sold at a cheap rate; and the young men endeavour to alleviate the distress by spreading themselves over the southern counties in search of work, with the wages of which they return to their parents and families towards the end of autumn. But let us view them on an occasion of festivity, and witness the ceremonial of a Dalecarlian marriage:—

It was Saturday at even, and the following day had been fixed for the nuptials. The guests arrived in groups, their number exceeding two hundred persons. They were received at the house of the betrothed, where they deposited reindeer and bacon hams, butter, cheese, game, beer, and brandy, which they had brought in their cars to contribute to the festivity. After having conversed a few moments with the master of the house, and taken refreshments, they were successively conducted to the neighbours, amongst whom their lodging had been prepared. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the betrothed, accompanied by her father and friends, set out for the house of the vicar, where she was to sleep, in order that she might be the earlier ready next morning. Her intended, surrounded by his family and a group of guests, repaired thither at an early hour, and the order of procession was there formed. First marched the bride, with a whip in hand, to clear the way; he was followed by three musicians, who played the Dalecarlian violin—a rude three-stringed instrument of their own manufacture; next came the bridegroom in his gayest attire, supported on either side by one of his nearest relatives, and the *rudiman* or soldier of the district; and after these eight or ten horsemen, followed by an equal number of bridesmaids clad in green petticoats, with a long jacket or vest; many rows of glass beads encircled their necks, and their fingers were adorned with a profusion of gilt rings, enriched with stones; their long tresses were fastened on the summit of their heads, whence hung an innumerable quantity of ribands of all colours, the inferior extremities of which were fringed with gold or silver. Last came the bride, conducted by her aunt, a young and beautiful woman; her robe was of black silk; her head surmounted by a coronet of gilt metal, adorned with trinkets; her hair in ringlets intermixed with ribands floated on a neck of faultless symmetry, surrounded, as in the rest, with strings of glass beads, and other ornaments; gloves embroidered with extreme care, and a neck-kerchief worked in the most fanciful manner, completed this singular but graceful costume. On arriving at the church, the priest gave them his benediction; and as soon as the ceremony was over, the whole cortège set out for the house of the bride's father, where the wedding was to be kept. They were received at the door by the mother and the cook,—the first of whom introduced the guests into the rooms prepared for their reception; while the second, laying hold of the bride, led her to the kitchen, where she made her taste all the dishes she had prepared. The bride was then placed at table between her husband and the parson, the *rudiman* being at one side opposite to the father. The table was covered with linen of remarkable fineness and whiteness; the knives and forks were of polished steel. Bunches of the most beautiful flowers covered the table; the floor was strewn with green branches of pine, birch, and wild flowers. The repast was abundant, though not elegant; and every one seemed happy and hungry. Just as the cloth was about being removed, the bride arose, and with her the *rudiman*. The musicians, who had played during the whole meal, placed themselves before them; and in this order the

little procession moved round the table. The bride held a silver cup, which a domestic filled with brandy; this she presented to each guest in succession, who emptied it; whereupon the *rudiman* presented a plate, on which each person deposited his offering, or mentioned what he would give, to assist the young people in commencing housekeeping. All these presents, according as they were made, were proclaimed by the *rudiman*, and followed by a flourish of music.

After this was all over, the tables were removed, and dancing commenced,—the bride leading off a sort of slow waltz with the parson. The festivities generally lasted several days; on the last of which the kitchen-boy made his appearance with a sad air, holding in one hand an empty stew-pan, in the other the spigot drawn from the cask. At this very intelligible hint all the guests took their departure, and the wedding was at an end. In truth, it is no easy matter to feed a party of Swedes, if we may judge from the number of meals devoured by an ordinary *bourgeois* :—

In the morning, when he awakes, a little table is placed near his bed, on which is a tray containing all the necessaries for making coffee; the cups are small, the milk, sugar, and butter generally of a superior quality. At ten or eleven o'clock breakfast, with butter tarts, ham, fish (salt or smoked), and brandy. Dinner is served at two; but previous to sitting at table a preliminary repast is taken standing at the side-board, which is covered with a white napkin, and displays Swedish brandy, cognac, and rum, in cut glass decanters; while to whet the appetite you may choose between butter, radishes, anchovies, hams, caviare, herrings, cheese, &c. The dinner in the middle ranks is almost uniformly composed of a large piece of veal, which is dressed on Sunday to serve the whole week: to this are added fish and potatoes; and for drink, beer, brandy, and sometimes, towards the end of the repast, a glass of port wine. At four o'clock coffee; at six a fresh repast, called *afterward*, which is a sort of collation composed of bread, cheese, and butter. At nine a supper of two dishes, and not unfrequently a soup made of beer, milk, and syrup, which is considered a great delicacy.

Our worthy Swede then goes to bed; and we think we may safely join in M. Daumont's conclusion, that "while awake he does not lose much of his time."

Statistical information we reserve for another article.

Histoire Politique de l'Eglise. [Political History of the Church]. By M. A. de Vidaillan. Vol. III. Paris: Dufey & Vizard; London, Dulau & Co.

In our review of the two preceding volumes of this very interesting work, (*Athenæum*, No. 310), we described the plan adopted by M. Vidaillan, and showed what seemed to us the merits and the defects of his system of regarding history as a manifestation of the progress of mind—the embodying in action of the opinions that characterize an age. We at the same time expressed some anxiety for the appearance of the volume before us, curious to see the application of the author's system to the Reformation, and to find by what principle he would explain all the inconsistencies of that extraordinary period. Most of our English historians have slurred over the difficulties it was their business to explain—Francis I. persecuting the Huguenots in France, and at the same time

supporting Protestantism in Germany—Sultan Suleiman calling on his subjects to destroy all Christians as idolators, and proclaiming himself the patron of the Catholic church in Hungary—and Pope Paul IV. denouncing the European monarchs that tolerated heresy, while he himself employed Protestant body-guards, and protected them in the free exercise of their religion: it cannot be asserted that M. Vidaillan has explained all the difficulties of such complicated policy, but he has grappled with them fairly. As in our former article, we profess to be not the defenders, but simply the interpreters of M. Vidaillan's opinions—we neither confirm nor deny his theories respecting

The giddy tumults and the foolish rage
Of kings and people.

Their importance, however, requires that they should be made known—if true, that they may be adopted—if false, that they may be refuted—if containing a mixture of truth and error, that the chaff may be separated from the wheat. We shall give the author an opportunity of speaking for himself.

M. Vidaillan begins his third volume with an account of the state of the church immediately before the Reformation, and asserts that this great Revolution was precipitated by the perverse impolicy of the sovereign pontiffs :—

It was sufficient for the Church to cast a glance round, to discover the new position it was about to occupy in relation to princes and nations. It could not hide from itself, that there reigned everywhere a spirit of opposition, and that nothing but moderation could stem the torrent: it was necessary that it should go with the stream, that it should place itself in harmony with ideas which Rome could neither arrest nor destroy. In place of conduct so conformable to the rules of sound policy—of true morality—of religion itself, purified from fanaticism, there was the Inquisition kindling its fearful fires in Spain—there was war devastating Italy—there was discord flinging its torches in every direction; finally, there was Rome, opposing to the improved spirit of the age, ambition the most blind, cruelty the most barbarous, policy the most perfidious, lessons the most immoral, scandals the most revolting. So much provocation was not wanting to awaken generous feeling, and teach the world that Rome could no longer supply it with instruction—to engender a spirit of inquiry, of opposition, and even of hostility, whose energies daily acquired fresh strength from fresh folly and fresh crime.

M. Vidaillan regards Luther as the representative of the spirit thus produced, and describes the circumstances of his position as the chief source of his success :—

The fierce energy of this monk led those to believe in his inspiration, who have need of the marvellous, to extricate themselves from the narrow circles of their remembrances or opinions. They did not judge of the success of his preaching by the predispositions of his hearers. They did not consider the mass of knowledge, accumulated by the labours of the fifteenth century; and with men who shrunk from inquiry, the human mind counted as nothing in the balance, which Luther forced to incline to his side. Such men, whose sad similitude may be found in every age, believed that martyrdom or violence would compensate for deficiency of argument. But the new doctrine was rather the expressed opinion of the age, than the reform of the church: it was beyond the grasp of despotism. Light broke into the Vatican, which its tenants could not extinguish; public opinion attacked errors, whose influence was irretrieva-

bly destroyed; it was an insurrection of Thought, not a thesis in Theology. Luther comprehended this well, and his perseverance rather than his vehement discourses and invectives, proved that he felt the human mind itself to be his ally. He may not have calculated the effect of his first blow, but he measured its results with great sagacity.

Charles V. is portrayed as the last representative of the Middle Ages—the supporter of imperial despotism and pontifical usurpation against the common sense of mankind. As such he is thus described :—

This prince, endowed with very moderate abilities, had enjoyed almost uninterrupted success during his long reign. Victorious over his enemies, a king of France and a Pope had worn his fetters; his empire was more extensive than that of Alexander, or of Rome. He sought and obtained, by his ministers or his generals, every species of glory; he had even the merit of orthodoxy, when toleration was a crime. But civilization subdued the middle age, of which he was the last support, and the last representative; and he could not endure the anguish of defeat. The peace of Passaw warned him of the decline of his domination, and buried him in the obscurity of a cloister. Old at fifty-six, soured by disappointment, overwhelmed by infirmities, being no longer able to appear as a hero, he wished to flourish as a sage. He became a monk and took from his head all his diadems, bequeathing to the world his son Philip II., as if to insure some regret for his loss :—Augustus had adopted Tiberius.

The reign of Philip II. is described in very vivid colours, but his connexion with our Queen Mary, and his share in her persecutions, have not been sufficiently examined by the author. He has hurried to "the wars of the league," of course more interesting to French readers, and described the follies and the crimes of that calamitous period, with great vigour and stern impartiality. He dwells with pleasure on the energetic policy of Elizabeth, and seems inclined to excuse her faults from admiration of the effective aid she afforded to Henry IV. The complicated policy of Sixtus V., who excommunicated Elizabeth in public, and was her admiring ally in private, is thus forcibly portrayed :—

Sixtus V., who had obtained the pontificate by cunning, wished to establish it on temporal force; ambitious of every kind of glory, possessing vast powers of mind, capable of conceiving and executing great designs, he aspired to nothing less than the resumption of the Neapolitan kingdom from Philip II. Already an admirer of the Bourbon, Elizabeth inspired him with the same sentiments, and the desire of forming an alliance with her. It was he who counselled her to send aid to the Low Countries; the difference of religion was to this able pontiff a mere cloak for his negotiations; the envoy of Elizabeth, banished for his orthodoxy, and apparently persecuted, zealously encouraged the Pope's hostility to Spain. Thus Philip II. was attacked with his own weapons; the Low Countries were wrested from his sway, by the aid of an heretical princess and a Roman Pontiff. * * * In vain Philip II. (after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots) demanded a crusade against the Queen of England; the Pope, hoping that the attention of the Spaniards would be diverted from Naples, by distant expeditions, to bring the British islands again under the dominion of the Holy See, praised the Prince's zeal, but sent Elizabeth copies of his letters, and information of his projects against her. He engaged this Princess to have the house of Austria attacked by the Turks in Hungary and Sicily,

to protect the Low Countries, to push forward the war with energy, promising her immortal glory. And yet this very Queen was the ally of the Calvinists in France; but this is not the first time that a sovereign Pontiff sacrificed the interests of the Catholic religion, to secure temporal advantages for the papacy.

Though M. Vidaillan is an ardent admirer of Henry IV., he does not disguise the impolitic acts of which that monarch was guilty; especially his recall of the Jesuits, and his refusal to permit the Moors, when exiled from Spain, to settle in the *landes* of Bordeaux. There are some incidents in his account of the expulsion of the Moors, which, though very important, have been neglected by the generality of historians:—

The King of Spain (Philip III.), who exhibited on the throne a spectacle of the most degrading superstition, a puppet in the hands of the Jesuits, a slave of the Holy Office, allowed the State to perish in order to enrich the Church, and gave the last blow to the monarchy, by a sanguinary edict addressed to the Moors, ordering them to depart from their territories, or to choose between baptism and death. These unfortunate men, who could not renounce the remembrances of their language, their literature, and their civilization, turned their eyes towards the King of France, and twelve hundred thousand fugitives, carrying with them the Koran, their arts, and their industry, asked merely for an asylum in the *landes* of Bordeaux. Some even offered to change their religion, not for the Catholic faith, which they associated with the horrors of the Inquisition, but for the Protestant doctrine; others demanded liberty of conscience. * * *

Henry IV. occupied with his chimerical projects against Germany and Italy, compelled to prove his attachment to a religion which commanded inhumanity, could not accept these advantageous proposals. The Moors, driven from Europe as followers of Mohammed, and from Africa as deserters of Islâm, miserably perished. Thus, Philip III., just as he had lost the Low Countries, and when America was withdrawing the population from his kingdom, inflicted on Spain a wound, of which she must ever feel the smart. But what was to be expected from a Prince, so senseless as to expiate an emotion of compassion for the victims of an *auto da fê*, by submitting to the Grand Inquisitor, who condemned the Prince to be bled upon the spot, and the blood which he lost to be publicly burned by the common hangman!

The brilliant policy of Richelieu seems to have dazzled our author, and prevented him from discovering, that many of his schemes were hazardous in the extreme. Had Buckingham fallen earlier by the hand of the assassin—had mutual confidence been established for a moment between Charles I. and his people—had the destinies of Spain been confided to a minister less able than Olivares—had Wallestein been as faithful a subject as he was a skilful general, Richelieu's projects must have failed completely and fatally. The Cardinal knew how to take advantage of opportunities, and that, we grant, is no inconsiderable merit.

With the peace of Westphalia, the proper subject of these volumes terminates; since from the day on which that treaty was signed, the church has ceased to be a European power, and its political history is at an end. Innocent X. foresaw this consequence, and protested against the negotiations; but in vain. M. Vidaillan's remarks on this great event deserve to be extracted:—

The peace of Westphalia was a consequence, and an advancement, of civilization. It com-

menced a new era for the exertions of the human mind—it accomplished the great intellectual revolution of modern times; it is the greatest deed recorded against the Church—the consecration of its irretrievable defeat. But, the Holy See, which believes its pretensions as immutable as the duration of its power, did not witness the division of the spoils without giving utterance to bitter complaints and violent menaces. Urban VIII. had congratulated (the Emperor) Ferdinand II. on his pernicious decree for the restitution of church property; the profit demonstrated the advantage of the measure, which, nevertheless, produced a long and destructive war. A peace, which abandoned all this property, was declared an offence to God; and the apostolic nuncio described it beforehand as worse than war. But the Swede and the Lutherans did not the less obtain possession of the bishoprics and church lands; and the protest of Innocent X. in favour of the integrity of the orthodox faith—of the dignity of the church—and of ecclesiastical rights, was only the manifesto of fanaticism—the last cry of powerless indignation—similar to those thunder-claps that usher in the morning of a beautiful day, reminding us of the past evening's tempest, without reviving its terrors.

M. Vidaillan announces that he has nearly ready for the press, a historical work on the age of Henry IV.; such a subject is worthy of his abilities, and he will appreciate our high estimate of his powers, when we declare him worthy of such a subject.

The Kentuckian in New York; or, the Adventures of Three Southerners. By a Virginian. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Co.; London, Rich.

As a novel, this work is not worth notice—but the sketch of the Kentuckian, now become the regular drole of American farces and novels, may, perhaps, offer some entertainment to our readers, although the amusing peculiarities of the character begin to want novelty.

"Our Kentuckian was no quiet man; but, like most of his race, bold, talkative, and exceedingly democratic in all his notions; feeling as much pride in his occupation of drover, as if he had been a senator in Congress from his own 'Kentuck,' as he emphatically called it. He was a politician, too, inasmuch as he despised *tories*, as he called the federalists, approved of the late war, and had a most venomous hatred against Indians, of whatever tribe or nation. * * *

"How did it happen," said Lamar, "that you did not join the army either of the north or south, when your heart seems to have been so entirely with them?"

"O! as to *join* the army to the north," said Damon, "I was afraid the *tories* would sell me to the British, me and my messmates, like old Hull, the infernal old traitor, sold his men for so much a head, *just* as I sell my hogs. As to *other* business, down yonder, under Old Hickory, I reckon I *did* take a hand or so against the *Injins*. * * *

"You were a rifleman, I suppose," said Lamar.

"Right agin, stranger. Give me a rifle for ever; they never spiles meat, though, as one may say, *Injins* meat ain't as good as blue-lick buck's; but for all that, it's a pity to make bunglin work of a neat job; besides, your smooth bores waste a deal of powder and lead upon the outlandish creters. * * *

"But I'm told the Yankees always sings a psalm before they go to battle. * * *

"Some person must have told you that as a joke," said Lamar.

"No, no, I believe it, because we had just such a fellow once in our neighbourhood—a Yankee schoolmaster—and we took him out a deer-driving two or three times, and he was always singing a psalm at his stand. He spoilt the fun, confound him! Hang me if I didn't always think the fellow was afraid to stand in the woods by himself without it. I went to his singin school of Saturday nights, too; but I never had a turn that way. All the master could do, he couldn't keep me on the trail,—I was for ever slipping into Yankee Doodle; you see, every once in a while, the tune would take a quick turn, like one I knowed afore, so I used to blaze away at it with the best of 'em, but the same old Yankee Doodle always turned up at the end. But the worst of it was, the infernal Yankee spoilt all the music I ever had in me; when I come out of the school, I thought the gals at home would have killed themselves laughin' at me. They said I ground up Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred together, all in a hodge-podge, so I never sings to no one now but the dumb brutes in the stable, when they gits melancholy of a rainy day. * * *

"Well now," said the Kentuckian, addressing Victor, "I wish I may be contwisted if you ain't one of the queerest men, to come from the Carolinas, I have clapped eyes on this many a day. You don't chew tobacco, and you don't drink nothin'."

"I am one of those that don't believe in the happy effects of either brandy or tobacco," replied Chevillere.

"Then you are off the trail for once in your life, stranger, for I take tobacco to be one of God's mercies to the poor. Whether it came by a regular dispensation of providence (as our parson used to say), or in a natural way, I can't tell; but hang me, if when I gets a quid of the real Kentuck twist or Maryland kite-foot into my mouth, if I ain't as proud a man as the grand Turk himself. It drives away the solemn-choles, and makes a fellow feel so good-natured and so comfortable; it turns the shillings in his pocket into dollars, and his wrath into fun and devilry. Let them talk about tobacco as they choose among the fine gals, and at their theatres, and balls, and cotillions, and all them sort of things; but let one of 'em git twenty miles deep into a Kentuck forest, and then see if a chew of the stuff ain't good for company and comfort. * * *

"Were you never in the company of fine ladies?" asked Chevillere.

"Yes! and flummock me if ever I want to be so fixed again; for there I sat with my feet drawn straight under my knees, heads up, and hands laid close along my legs, like a new recruit, on drill, or a horse in the stocks; and, twist me, if I didn't feel as if I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite; and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn't get my hands in no sort of a comfortable fix—first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like goin to prayers, or as if I was tied in that way; then I slung 'em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock; and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my leg stuck out like a pump handle; then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt-collar, like a pig in a yoke; then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine, that I would as soon have thought of spittin on the window; and then to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger came to me first with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm; so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, stranger, what do you think was in it?"

"Punch, I suppose," said Lamar, laughing; "or perhaps apple toddy."

"So I thought, and so would anybody, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the fainty stuffs I had been layin in! but no! it was warm water! Yes! you may laugh! but it was clean warm water. The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for gigglin; but it was all the fault of that pumpered nigger, in bringin it to me first. As soon as I caught his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know that if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel."

The following is his account of a popular preacher at New York:—

"I'll tell you what it is, that's what I call a real tear-down sneezer," ejaculated he; "he's a bark-well and hold-fast too; he doesn't honey it up to 'em, and mince his words—he lets it down upon 'em hot and heavy; he knocks down and drags out; first he gives it to 'em in one eye and then in 'tother, then in the gizzard, and at last he gits your head under his arm, and then I reckon he feathers it in, between the lug and the horn; he gives a feller no more chance nor a 'coon has in a black jack."

"Then you give him more credit for sincerity than you usually do men of his cloth," said I.

"Yes, yes! there's no whippin the devil round the stump with him; he jumps right at him, tooth and toe-nail, and I'm flambergested if I don't think he rather worsted the *Old Boy* this mornin! and he's the best match I ever saw him have."

"You don't go to church often when you are at home?"

"No; but I *would* go, if we had such a Samson as this; he raises old Kentuck in me in a minute. I feel full of fight, and ready for anything now!"

Here he is at the Opera:—

"O! corn-stalks and jews-harps!" said Damon, after worrying on his seat during the performance of the overture by the orchestra; "will they tune their banjoes all night, and never get to playin?"

"That is called fine Italian music," said Lamar.

"Yes! yes!" replied he, but I rather suspicion that it would puzzle some of our Kentuck gals to dance a reel to that music. O my grandmother! what jaunty heels they would have to sling after such elbow-grease as that. But you are stuffing me with soft corn—I see you are by your laughing. They know better than to pass that for music; no, no, catch a weasel asleep!"

"The opera now commenced, and I must own that I saw more of Damon than I did of the play. He was struck dumb with astonishment; seemed scarcely to believe his own senses, but looking round the house after an unusual silence, and seeing the audience serious and apparently attentive, he burst into a cackling."

"Well," said he, with a long breath, "I wish I may be tetotally smashed in a cider-mill, if that don't out-Cherokee old Kentuck; why that ain't a chaw-tobacco better, nor Cherokee! Just wait a minute, and they'll raise the whoop, it's likely; and if they do, if I don't give them a touch of Kentuck pipes that'll make them think somebody's busted their biler."

"Smash me, if they don't think the whole cream of the hall lies in rattlin the bones of their elbows. Give me your long sweeping bow hands, that saws the music right in under your ribs, and sets your legs to dancin, whether they will or not. Do you think them fellers ever made anybody feel in the humour for a hand-round?"

"Now and then they seem to git into a fair race, and one feller's eye is poppin out of his head, and the veins on the woman's neck is

ready to burst, and the fiddlers and the pipers and the trumpeters are all puffin and blowin, like our Kentuck jockeys at a pony sweepstakes; and then all at once, just as there begins to be a little sport, to see who has the wind and the bottom, their heads begin to move first one side and then the other, all so kind, and ready to make a draw game of it, blabbering all the time; till the trumpeter sees they're pretty well blown, then he begins to come down a little with his toot! toot! toot! That's to call all hands off, you see, and they slip down as easy and as quiet as if it had all been in fun. Then they all clear out but one, and he watches his chance till they're all gone. Then he comes here to the front, and flaps his wings and crows over them, as if he had done some great things, if we hadn't been here to show fair play."

With these specimens our readers will, perhaps, be content.

Universal History. By A. F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. Vols. V. and VI. London: Murray.

HAVING had so much to condemn in the preceding volumes of this work, it gives us sincere pleasure to find portions meriting praise in the two now before us. The History of Scotland is written with great care, and the investigation of its legal antiquities is especially valuable. England, however, has not met with similar favour: the process by which its constitution was formed, its growth as a commercial state, and its rise as a naval power, are treated with a careless flippancy, which is not likely to be tolerated in the present age. Much of the censure we have to bestow must fall on the editor rather than the author: the manuscript work was prepared many years ago, and not since revised, for assuredly no person who has written within the last quarter of a century would venture to assert that "tales of chivalry are now for ever exploded." The editor might surely have found room for an exception in favour of Sir Walter Scott.

The Albigensian wars are very carelessly written. Professor Tytler repeats the old calumny of the Albigenses having embraced the Manichean heresy: now, neither he nor their original accusers had a notion of what Manicheism means: it was just one of the *isms* which controversialists in every age strive to fix upon their adversaries, knowing that nothing is so well calculated to inspire vulgar horror as a long word, especially if it be unintelligible.

The wars of Jenghiz Khan and his descendants are very inaccurately described: indeed, the overthrow of the Khaliphate by Hulakú Khán, one of the most important events in oriental history, is wholly omitted. Timúr or Tamerlane is even worse treated; he is called a Mongol Tartar, when every body knows that he was a Jagatay Turk; the often-repeated tale of his descent from Jenghiz Khan is repeated; and finally we are assured that he did not believe in the faith of Mohammed, though his own writings prove him to have been one of the most devoted followers of Islám. The imprisonment of Bayazid in the iron cage is declared to be a western invention, though it is very circumstantially narrated by Evliyá Effendi, and finally Timúr is extolled as a model of toleration, notwithstanding his ferocious massacres in Syria and India. Timúr's Institutes and Autobiography were unknown

to Lord Woodhouselee, but he might have consulted the History of Sharif'uddín Ali, translated into French by M. Petit de la Croix, and that of Arabsháh, translated by M. Vatiér. The modern editor, however, is inexcusable for permitting such blunders to appear, when Timúr's own narratives are so accessible.

There are few subjects on which it is more desirable that the public should obtain accurate information, than the progress, the condition, and the resources of the Turkish empire—will it be then believed that in the present day a work appears, in which no other authority is quoted than old Rycant? Cheerfully we bear testimony to Rycant's merits, but can he compete with D'Ohsson or Von Hammer? Lord Woodhouselee indeed had no opportunity of consulting their works, but what are we to say to his editor?

The history of commerce could only be written well by one who had deeply studied the principles of political economy; Lord Woodhouselee devoted himself too earnestly to legal pursuits to find time for mastering this difficult science, but his editor has paid some attention to the subject, for one of his very few notes is occupied by a fierce attack on one of Macculloch's theories; why then have we no notice of the successive laws made to regulate trade? why no proofs that commerce grew and flourished, not in consequence of "the wisdom of our ancestors," but in spite of it?

The progress of the Portuguese discoveries is, on the whole, ably narrated, though the opposition they had to encounter from the Arabian traders, who monopolized the commerce of the Indian Seas before Vasco de Gama discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, is very insufficiently noticed. With some little abatement, we have also to bestow our meed of praise on the account given of the discovery of America.

It would occupy more space than these volumes have a right to command, were we to point out the deficiencies in the very partial view which Lord Woodhouselee has given of the Reformation. He has wholly omitted the political causes of that great event, and scarcely noticed one of the most prominent and efficient agents in the revolution, Maurice of Saxony.

But perhaps the strangest mis-statement in the work is the assertion that the sect of the Shíahs was founded by Sháh Ismael, the first of the Seffianean dynasty, in the beginning of the sixteenth century! The Shíah heresy had, from about the beginning of the eighth century, rent the Saracenic empire, and produced the most calamitous wars; and yet—as if the history of the East for eight hundred years had been blotted from memory—our author tells us that Sháh Ismael was the first to pronounce Ali the true successor of Mohammed, and stigmatize Omar as a usurper. The editor refers to Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia; his acquaintance with that admirable work cannot extend beyond the title-page; and the same thing may be said of the Autobiography of Baber, which he names, but of which he has not made the slightest use.

The next subject to which our attention is directed, is the political and religious condition of the Hindús and the Indo-Chinese nations; here the author has made more blunders than lines;—naturally enough,

for he wrote at a time when the literature of Hindústan and the surrounding countries was all but wholly unknown;—need we say how efficiently it has been since investigated? Yet, the editor could not spare a few moments to consult the Asiatic Researches, or the Asiatic Society's Transactions, for a matter so important as the social state of the British Empire in India.

We do not censure the omissions and mistakes in the account of China with so much severity, because the works in which more correct information may be obtained are not very accessible. Yet a few notes from Klaproth, Rémusat, Julien, and Morrison, might surely have been expected from an editor of a Universal History in the nineteenth century.

It would be easy to extend the catalogue of errors and deficiencies in these unfortunate volumes; truly unfortunate, for had the manuscript been entrusted to a competent editor, it might have been made the foundation of a valuable and standard work, instead of being, as it now is, a disgrace to our country and our age. The editor, however, so far from exhibiting any consciousness of his indolence or incapacity, actually threatens us with a continuation upon the same plan. He had much better leave it alone.

Scenes and Hymns of Life, with other Religious Poems. By Felicia Hemans. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London, Cadell.

It was to the poems forming this collection—the latest works of their gifted authoress—that we especially referred, when adverted, not long since, to the changes which had passed over her mind, and conducted her to the contemplation of themes of a higher order than the graceful visions of classic Mythology, or the picturesque legends of the days of Romance. And we are confirmed in our opinion by the preface to this beautiful volume, which, as it is brief and comprehensive, we have no hesitation in giving entire.

"I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

"It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

"I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing 'healing on its wings' to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for 'perils in the wilderness'—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

"Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature, and I lay this little volume before the public with that

deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine."

Such have been long our own sentiments and wishes with regard to sacred poetry. The religion of daily life—of art—and of nature, has been sung, as it were, sparingly, and with timidity, while the *religionism* of sect has had its hundred zealous minstrels. But the day of these last is going by: we cannot but hope and believe that, with so much enlightenment and benevolence as are everywhere spreading abroad over the earth, a purer and more comprehensive faith will increase among men—a spirit of love and intelligence which shall mingle with our pleasures, as well as our devotions, and teach us to discern the intellectual from the frivolous, the spiritual from the sensual—which shall show us, not only how to endure life, but also how to enjoy it.

As contributing to so good a purpose, we are disposed to regard this volume as superior to any with which Mrs. Hemans has yet presented us. And it is paying her no empty compliment to say, that her poetical powers have risen with the subjects on which she has employed them. We know not any thing much more exquisite than her 'Flowers and Music in a room of sickness,' which we do not extract, only because it has recently appeared elsewhere. Equally beautiful is 'Easter-Day in a Mountain Church-yard.' The following passage from 'The Day of Flowers,' we do not give because it is the most beautiful in the volume, but because it is new to us:—

And, lo! before us, fair,
Yet desolate, amid the golden day,
It stands, that house of silence! weeded now
To verdant nature by the o'ermanding growth
Of leaf and tendrill, which fond woman's hands
Once loved to train. How the rich wall-flower scent
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,
Embalming its decay! The bee alone
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,
Watching some homeward footstep. See! unbound
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks
Of life gone hence; and the faint southern breath
Of myrtle leaves from yon forsaken porch,
Startles the soul with sweetness. * * *

O Father, Lord!
The All Beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minister cells; dark glen and forest bower,
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dew of tenderness!—Thou bid'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of thine!
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams
With spiritual light, and made a source
Of heaven-ascending thoughts.

We cannot take leave of this book, without wishing its authoress success in the noble path she has chosen for herself.

History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin, F.S.S. Vol. II.—*The West Indies.* London: Cochrane & McCrone.

THE West Indies have found a judicious historian, and West Indian interests an able ad-

vocate, in Mr. Montgomery Martin; no study, however dry—no labour, however severe, daunted him in his investigations: his statistical facts have been derived from the immense piles of parliamentary returns and reports, printed at various times, whose extent it would be difficult to calculate, and from various manuscript documents, to which he fortunately obtained access. He has also had the advantage of travelling in the countries he describes; and, when he speaks from his own experience, we find in him every mark of a shrewd observer, and faithful narrator. To these merits we must oppose one fault; he displays too much of the feelings characteristic of Irishmen in his advocacy of opinions; he writes with the warm and passionate zeal of a partisan on every topic, and exhibits no tolerance for the doctrines that he opposes. This is a fault; for, though we are perfectly persuaded of the author's candour, such heat may inspire others with a suspicion, that he is more anxious to support his theories than to state facts.

The history of the West Indies is "short and simple;" the islands were discovered and colonized by Europeans, who murdered the natives by myriads, opened a trade of blood with Africa, obtained a monopoly for their produce by purchased fiscal regulations, and directed their attention to the markets at home instead of developing the natural resources of their own estates. Nations and societies can no more commit injustice with impunity than individuals; these colonies became a burden instead of an advantage to the parent states, and would have clung to them with as ruinous a weight as the Old Man of the Sea did to Sindbad, had not modern statesmen adopted a juster, and therefore a wiser, system of policy, and begun to retrace their steps. Mr. Martin complains that the process of amelioration is not sufficiently rapid; but he is not the only Irishman who hopes to remedy in one moment the accumulated evils of centuries—who expects that an act of parliament will, like the fiat of Omnipotence, at once cause order to rise out of chaos.

From a book containing so much, and such multifarious, information, it is difficult to make an extract that will convey a fair notion of its contents; we shall quote, however, a few passages, combining interest with novelty of information. The common opinion of the unhealthiness of Demerara is thus decisively refuted:—

"Demerara has been cited as one of the strongest instances of a deleterious atmosphere, particularly among our West India Colonies, but when we come to examine facts, it turns out otherwise; the range of mortality even among the labouring slave population, is about one in thirty-seven to forty, but in London and France it is equal as regards the whole population, rich and poor, and in other countries it is even more; thus, in Naples, one in thirty-four; Wirtemberg, one in thirty-three; Paris, one in thirty-two; Berlin, one in thirty-four; Nice, one in thirty-one; Madrid, one in twenty-nine; Rome, one in twenty-five; Amsterdam, one in twenty-four; Vienna, one in twenty-two and a half! Thus that which is termed our most unhealthy West India Colony has, even as regards its working population, a greater duration of life than the rich and poor of some of the principal parts of Europe."

The influence of the moon on animal and vegetable life, is a subject that has recently engaged the attention of naturalists; some of

the facts recorded by Mr. Martin deserve to be thoroughly investigated.

"In considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence; this much is certain, that, in the low lands of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may be stated that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns, in Demerara, in the year; for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches, and descend to the roots. For example, the *wallaba* (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany), if cut down in the dark, a few days before the *new moon*, it is one of the most durable woods in the world for house building, posts, &c.; in that state, attempt to split it, and, with the utmost difficulty, it will be riven in the most jagged unequal manner that can be imagined; cut down another *wallaba* (that grew within a few yards of the former), at *full moon*, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles of any desired thickness, or into staves for making casks; but, in this state, applied to house-building purposes, it speedily decays. Again—bamboos, as thick as a man's arm, are sometimes used for paling, &c.: if cut at the dark moon, they will endure for ten or twelve years; if at full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years; thus it is with most, if not all, the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen, in Africa, the newly littered young perih, in a few hours, at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays of the full moon; fish become rapidly putrid, and meat, if left exposed, incurable or un preservable by salt;—the manner, heedlessly sleeping on deck, becoming afflicted with nyctolopia or night blindness, at times the face hideously swollen if exposed during sleep to the moon's rays, the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fearful vigour at the full and change, and the cold damp chill of the ague supervening on the ascendancy of this apparently mild yet powerful luminary. Let her influence over this earth be studied, it is more powerful than is generally known."

A very interesting account is given of the native Indians on the main-land, a portion of which we quote.

"The animal perceptions of the native Indians of Guyana are astonishingly acute; and their speed in their native woods, and over the most difficult ground, far outstrips that of Europeans—few of whom can keep pace with them, even for a short distance. No European march could ever come into competition with the astonishingly rapid movements of the Indian regiments in the army of Bolivar. An expedition, composed exclusively of Indians, will go over three times the ground in the same time that can be traversed by European troops; and this superiority of locomotion, renders them more than a match for double their numbers, in their native wilds. They can, moreover, live comfortably where European troops must starve, and they require no commissariat. With 10 lbs. of cassava bread, an Indian can keep the field for three weeks or a month. His gun will be always in order, and his ammunition dry and serviceable. It is impossible to surprise him; and, with a commander who can keep pace with him, and in whom he has confidence, the Indian ranger cannot be equalled by the best troops in the known world, for service in a tropical region, and under the burning sun of the line."

These men are of the same race as the original inhabitants of the islands—but where now are the latter? They have been extirpated by men, who not only called themselves civilized, but laid claim to extraordinary piety; we shall not give vent to the feelings suggested by the juxtaposition of the following orders of the Jamaica council:—

"August 14, 1656. 'An order signed Edward D'Oyley, for the distribution to the army of 1701 Bibles.'

"August 26, 1659. 'Order issued this day unto Mr. Peter Pugh, Treasurer, to pay unto John Hoy the summing of twenty pounds sterling, out of the impost-money, to pay for fifteen dogs, brought by him for the hunting of the negroes.'"

The pitch supplied by the bituminous lake of Trinidad has been converted to a very extraordinary, though useful purpose.

"The pitch of the lake has been adopted for the improvement of the roads, particularly in the fertile district of Naparima, where it was brought for the purpose from La Brea. In the wet season the roads at Naparima are almost impassable in those parts where there has been no application of the pitch; but where the pitch has been applied, which is the case for several miles in North Naparima, there is a hard surface formed, which makes transport comparatively easy, both from the support afforded and from the little friction of the hardened pitch."

Montserrat supplies us with the following amusing story, which we do not remember to have heard before:—

"Montserrat had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrained on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaught man, on arriving at Montserrat, was, to his astonishment, hailed in vernacular Irish by a negro from one of the first boats that came alongside—"Thunder and turf," exclaimed Pat, "how long have you been here?"—"Three months," answered Quashy—"Three months! and so black already!! *Hannu a diaoul!*" says Pat, thinking Quashy a ci-devant countryman, "I'll not stay among ye"; and in a few hours the Connaught man was on his return, with a white skin, to the emerald isle."

Mr. Martin dwells at great length on the advantages that Honduras offers to an emigrant, and strenuously recommends its colonization. The emigration question is too important for us to omit anything by which it may be elucidated.

"I cannot conclude this Chapter without expressing my regret, that such an important settlement as Honduras should have been so long neglected at home. It is valuable not only in a political but in a commercial aspect: inasmuch as it opens to our trade new regions and countries, while its rich and fertile lands await only the skillful handicraft of the British emigrant to pour forth the abundance of life. The eloquent annalist of Jamaica, writing within the last two or three years, says, 'it is but within the last few months that the town of *Peten*, situated 260 miles west of Balize, at the head of its magnificent river, has been exposed to speculation, or even to our acquaintance. A road is now open, and a lively intercourse with the British merchants has risen there. Fleets of Indian pit-pans repair almost weekly to Balize, and return loaded with articles of British manufacture. *Peten*, formerly the capital of the Itz'ac Indians, was one of the last conquests of the Spaniards in the year 1679. It stands on an island in the centre of the extensive freshwater lake *Itza*, in lat. 16 N., long. 91.16 W. Within 50 miles of it the enterprising spirit of

the British settler has already extended the search for mahogany; and what may not be expected from a people so industrious, so judicious, and so persevering? The *Itza* is 26 leagues in circumference, and its pure waters, to the depth of 30 fathoms, produce the most excellent fish. The islands of *Sepet*, *Galves*, *Lopez*, *Bixit*, and *Coju*, lie scattered over its surface, and afford a delicious retreat to 10,000 inhabitants, who form part of the new republic of central America, within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Mexican diocese of Yucatan. The fertile soil yields two harvests in the year, producing maize, chiappa pepper, balsam, vanilla, cotton, indigo, cocoa, cochineal, brazil wood, and the most exquisite fruits, in wasteful abundance. Several navigable rivers flowing thence are lost in the great Pacific, and suggest an easy communication with the British limits. Within ten leagues of the shores of the *Itza* lake commences the ridge of the Alabaster mountains, on whose surface glitter in vast profusion the green, the brown, and the variegated jaspers, while the forests are filled with wild and monstrous beasts, the *Equus Bisuleus*, or Chinese horse, and with tigers and lions, of a degenerated breed. Roads diverge in all directions from this favoured spot, and afford an easy communication with a free channel for British merchandize to San Antonio, to Chichanha, San Benito, Tabasco, and even Campeachy; while throughout the whole country the most stupendous timbers are abundant. The most valuable drugs, balsams, and aromatic plants, grow wild; and the schiote, amber, copal, dragon's blood, mastic, and almácigo, are everywhere to be gathered."

We shall not enter with our author into an examination of the defects, real or supposed, in our colonial policy; his principle, that "the full benefit of colonies can only be experienced when their trade approximates as closely as possible to a coasting commerce, freed from fiscal exactions and legislative decrees," is certainly correct; but its application under present circumstances seems hardly possible. Of colonial advantages, as well as of many others, it may be said to the present generation of Englishmen,

Delicta majorum immeritis luss.

Orfred; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. Canterbury: S. Prentice; London, Baldwin and Cradock.

A great deal of the pain which we are obliged at times to inflict on authors, would be spared them if they could find some judicious friend to whom they might refer their productions, and ask the question, "would you advise me to send this for review?" In the present case, such a friend would assuredly have answered, "No." But this has not been done, and the author has made the plunge. We are, therefore, placed in a sort of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* position. We may neglect to notice the author at all, and affront him that way, or we may "cut up," as the phrase is, his book, and affront him that way—but to escape from both, is impossible. There are many persons, gifted apparently with reason and common sense in all that concerns the general business of life, and capable both of talking and writing in a rational and even a superior manner, whose faculties seem to leave them the instant they attempt to write a play. The author of this tragedy may be one of those. From the censure which he has courted, we cannot now save him, but against the additional annoyance of public condemnation in a theatre, we will ensure him for a

farthing, and we trust this will be some consolation. Managers are strange people, but not one throughout England will be found to let this play be acted. A very few extracts, and those, though perhaps the most comical, certainly not the worst, will suffice to bear us out in our sweeping condemnation, and to give our readers a specimen of the extraordinary sort of delusion upon this subject, under which many persons (and some, to our knowledge, really clever in other ways) are wont to labour. The scene is laid in England, about the middle of the fifth century. We have *Ussa*, King of Britain, (we don't remember him,) *Titullus*, his Prime Minister, *Oswald* and *Orfred*, suitors of *Ussa*'s daughter, *Sweyne* and *Atholric*, two noblemen, *Edmund*, an idiot son of *Ussa*'s, and *Elthebra*, *Ussa*'s daughter. The plot we can state briefly. *Orfred* imagines himself slighted by *Elthebra* at the King's instigation, he therefore joins *Titullus* in a plot to murder the King. They do this, and agree to accuse *Elthebra* of the murder—she appeals in court to *Orfred* to clear her, and he kills her—*Titullus*, afraid of being betrayed by *Orfred*, kills him—and so ends the play, leaving two innocent people and one guilty one murdered, and one murderer unpunished, and in possession of the vacant throne. The moral, we presume, is left for the second edition, which will never be published. Now for a few extracts.

Ussa. Tame down the spirits of this fretful youth, For I've in eye his father's services, Which win my milder looks—thou knowest all.
Titullus. I grant rebuke in love much courteth pride, And, therefore, would entreat for an acquittal, For such a dauntless torrent of the heated heart Can never murmur by a rock of spleen, But fiercely dashing 'gainst its splintering edge, Spits forth its showering wave in mazy clouds, And falls to nought; thus with this *Orfred*.

Further on, *Orfred* is inciting *Titullus* to join in the murder:—

Titullus. What cursed truth is it thou speakest?
I—I will—I will not—hold a minute;
A minute—hour—a day—say a day;
A day, good *Orfred*—and I will decide.
Orfred. Shame, shame! This stammering hesitation Shows a poor weak mind to rule a nation;
Thou had'st better drop the affair, my lord:
Good day to thee.

(*Orfred about to leave the room*).
Titullus—(aside). What shall I do?
On earth alone we choose for ourselves—
And what of Heaven? of many-colour'd Heaven,
Receptacle of still-born babes, half-witted fools,
Pap nurses, and insipid gentlemen,
Who, for stupidity, are thither sent.
Hold, *Orfred*, I will swear.

Has not the author provided for himself here, under the head of "insipid gentlemen"?

ACT 3.—SCENE I.

A lobby in the chamber of *Ussa*.

Enter *ORFRED* AND *IDIO*.

Idiot. *Elthebra*—*Elthebra*!
Orfred. Speak not of her,
For she hath rack'd my wearied heart and brains
Into a dire mixture of despair.
(*Aside*) Why a feverish thought to stem the harassed mind.

Give way—thou art a fool.
Idiot (with frantic gesture). *Elthebra*!
Orfred. Thou'lt strike me dumb with rage. Oh! I hate her!

For speaking of her, may thy foul jaws be locked:
Hath not she strove to mangle me to death?
To stir my heart to mutiny?

Idiot. No—no—
She—(seizes hold of *Orfred*).
Orfred. She hath shamefully maltreated me;
Wilt thou speak that cursed name—thou shalt not,
Thou hollow *Idiot*; go to the devil
With thy mock-modest sister and papa.

(*Orfred struggling, throws him off—Exit.*)
(*Exit IDIO, after a pause.*)

One more, and we have done:—

(*TITULLUS stabs ORFRED—great confusion.*)
Titullus. Die, murderer, my country's good
Demands it.—(*Aside to ORFRED*)—

[And if this be not a good "aside" to a dying man from his murderer, then we know nothing of dramatic effects!—

Thou shook'st me the other day,
Called me all the names thy cursed tongue could speak.
Oh! if thou durst utter a word, *Orfred*,
My near allied and valued friend; my friend—
Thou dost love revenge—ha! ha! ha! die well—
Shake me—I'll shake thee off, and thou shalt drop
To hell, my cherub; hence, hence, die foul,
Thy welcome shall be warm hereafter;
Get thee gone, thou creature of my wise ambition.

If we quote much more, we fear we shall be suspected of inventing as we go on—we shall, therefore, conclude in the words of the author:—

Sweyne. I ne'er knew anything
Half so choked up with sad catastrophe.

Sad indeed—but lest some catastrophe still more sad should befall the no-doubt-worthy-and-perhaps-in-many-other-things-though-certainly-not-in-dramatic-writing-clever author, (as the "Rejected Addresses" would have said for the *Morning Post*), we recommend him to give up this pursuit at once, to collect all the copies he can of his work—to proceed to Ramsgate, (he appears to live at Canterbury,) to go to the extreme end of the Pier, and to throw them over. He need not be at the expense of purchasing any lead; they will sink by their own weight.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*A Memoir of Richard Hatch*, by Samuel R. Allom.—'Memoir of Rev. Gordon Hall, by Horatio Bardwell.—'Journal of a Residence in Scotland, with a Memoir of the Author, the late Henry M'Lellan, by J. M'Lellan, Jun.—The first two of these books are purely religious biographies, with little to distinguish them from a thousand other similar works, whose use and value are more for particular circles than general readers. The subject of the third memoir appears to have been amiable and devout, and as we have a tenderness for the memories of such, we will not examine too curiously the Journals, of which the larger part of the volume consists. At the present moment, the following brief notices may be interesting:—

"*Saturday, April 27, 1832*. Walked to Highgate to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlor while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; 'Not at all,' said he, 'my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' After some further conversation, and some inquiries respecting Dr. Chalmers, he remarked, 'The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother laborer in Christ, Rev. Mr. Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid development of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallicisms and Scotisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethan age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners.' Of the mind of the celebrated

Puffendorf he said, 'his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully.' Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked 'we are in a dreadful state; Care like a foul hag sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birth-right in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us, we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have; things must alter, the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, things; the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also.'

'He spoke of Mr. Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and color almost unrivalled.'

'Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spend much time. With all his talent and poetry, he is a humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as 'Christ crucified.' I wish I had room for some of his conversation. When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with great mental vigor, and feeling a humble resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. As I sat by his side I thought he looked very much like my dear grandfather, and I almost felt as if one spoke to me from the dead. Before I left him he said, 'I wish before you go, to give you some little memento to call up the hours we have passed together.' He requested me to hand him a book from his book-case, with pen and ink, then sitting up in bed he wrote a few lines and his name, kindly and most undeservedly expressing the pleasure he had had in my company. He will not live long I fear; but his name and memory will be dearer to the ages to come than to the present.'

'*Scott's Prose Works*. Vols. 3 and 4.—containing the Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Novelists. Two as delightful volumes as were ever published. The portrait of Mackenzie prefixed to the latter is a very fine one, engraved by Horsburgh from a painting by Colvin Smith.

'*The Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe*. Vol. 7.—Holland House and Trowbridge are the subjects of the illustrations of this volume, in which the 'Tales of the Hall' are brought to close, after having been enriched in their progress by many new readings, curious and interesting. An addition to the fearful story of 'Smugglers and Poachers,' is not to be passed over; the *matériel* of this tragedy was communicated to the poet by the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and this note, dated a few days after his melancholy death, is appended to the original MS.

Thus had I written, so a friend advised
Whom as the first of counsellors I prized,
The best of guides to my assuming pen,
The best of fathers, husbands, judges, men.
'This will be read,' I said, 'and I shall hear
Opinion wise, instructive, mild, sincere,
For I that mind respect, for I the man revere.'

I had no boding fear! but thought to see
Those who were mine, who look'd for all to thee;
And thou wert all! there was, when thou wert by,
Diffused around the rare felicity
That wisdom, worth, and kindness can impart
To form the mind and gratify the heart.

Yes! I was proud to speak of thee, as one
Who had approved the little I had done,
And taught me what I should do!—Thou wouldst raise
My doubting spirit by a smile of praise,
And words of comfort! great was thy delight
Fear to expel, and ardour to excite,
To wrest th' oppressor's arm, and do the injured right.

Thou hadst the tear for pity, and thy breast
Felt for the sad, the weary, the oppress'd!
And now, afflicting change! all join with me,
And feel, lamented ROMILLY, for thee.

'*A Letter to his Countrymen*, by J. Fenimore Cooper.'—The meaning and intent of this letter are not very obvious on this side the Atlantic. It is drawn forth, apparently, by some disgust which Mr. Cooper has taken at his reception in America, and he herein announces his intention of not again coming before the public as a writer, concluding thus:—

"So far as you have been indulgent to me—and no one feels its extent more than myself—I thank you with deep sincerity; so far as I stand opposed to that class among you which forms 'the public' of a writer, on points that, however much in error, I honestly believe to be of vital importance to the well-being and dignity of the human race, I can only lament that we are separated by so wide a barrier as to render further communion under our old relations, mutually unsatisfactory."

If we understand the ground of offence, beyond some foolish personalities in the journals, Mr. Cooper, who could only tolerate us royal and loyal people, has fallen out even with his republican countrymen, because they are not sufficiently republican—republican in thought and language, as well as in deed.

'*A Guide for the Wine Cellar; or, a Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Vine, and the Management of different Wines consumed in this Country*, by F. C. Husenbeth.'—Though nine gentlemen out of ten are eloquent on the subject of wines, it does not follow that this "multiplicity of talk" (to use Bubb Doddington's phrase) proceeds from a superabundance of knowledge. It is the object of the present volume to enlighten us on this subject: it appears written advisedly—we may say temperately—and will be, we should think, a useful manual to all who are curious in their potations—who seek port and eschew logwood—and prefer the genuine sparkling champagne to extract of green gooseberries.

'*The Philosophy of Sleep*, by Robert Macnish. 2nd edit.'—Of this work we heretofore expressed our opinion. The present edition is enlarged, and illustrated with new facts, and the doctrines of Dr. Gall are put more prominently forward.

'*Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher*, by Horace Guildford.'—To whomsoever such a work was wanting, this may be acceptable, as the selections are made with good taste.

'*Wright's Scenes in Ireland*.'—The engravings are creditable enough, but the accompanying descriptions very carelessly written.

'*Book of Penalties*, by the Author of 'The Cabinet Lawyer.'—A very useful, but rather an alarming work. It will make the reader tremble through 550 pages, to think of the "traps and gins" of the law. It is well observed in the preface, that hardly a pursuit of civil life can be entered upon without being liable to penal visitation.

'*Somnambulism. The case of Jane C. Rider*, by L. W. Belden, M.D.'—Authentic particulars of the case referred to in the article on Somnambulism, which appeared in the *Athenæum* some months since—(see No. 325.)

'*The Flower Garden, or Monthly Calendar of Practical Directions for the Culture of Flowers*, by Martin Doyle.'—This is one of the best of the manuals which direct the amateur gardener when to sow, and when to reap, under what circumstances to insert new buds upon the rose tree, at what season to graft, and all the rest of the details of the gardener's craft. We can recommend it as a work full of sensible remarks, by an experienced man.

'*Robert's Geography and General History*.'—The plan of this work is ingenious and original:

the general elements of geographical science are first detailed in clear and simple language—the student is then instructed in the physical aspect of the globe, the system of its mountains, rivers, declivities, &c., the effects of these on climate, and the geographical distribution of animals: the political divisions of states are combined with the history of their formation; and in order that each state might be viewed as a whole, the colonial dependencies, though in different quarters of the globe, are treated as provinces of the ruling country, and classed under its name. This departure from the natural order gives the work unity as a system of political geography, and affords great facility for the study of geography in connexion with history. The book is illustrated by several engraved maps and wood-cuts, executed in a superior style.

'*Ince's Outlines of English History*.'—A very useful compilation; the facts are selected from the best historical authorities, and great attention has been paid to securing accuracy in the dates.

'*The Treasury of Knowledge*, by Samuel Maunders.'—That this work has been found useful, we may reasonably infer, seeing that the 6th edition is now before us. It certainly contains a great deal of useful information compressed into a small compass.

'*The Village Poor*.'—This is one of the patent "preservatives against popery," which have been produced of late in great abundance; the writer is manifestly ignorant of the real matter of controversy, between the Churches of Rome and England, indeed he contrives to misrepresent both. The story is very ridiculous: some ladies seduce a man into attending mass by promising him their custom, he is won to their creed by this promise; the ladies subsequently forsake his shop, on which he relinquishes their chapel,—thus affording conclusive evidence, that protestantism will triumph in the long run. Can we conceive any process of reasoning more satisfactory?

'*The Hobart Town Almanack for 1834*.'—A useful little work, but not to be compared for the value and extent of information contained in it with the more costly Van Diemen's Land Almanack. A paper, entitled, 'Van Diemen's Land as it is in 1834,' may be worth reading by those who have thoughts of settling there, or take an interest in the progress of the colony.

'*Tate's Universal Cambist*.'—An excellent manual of foreign exchanges, compiled with exemplary industry, and systematized with skill and ingenuity.

'*Tate's Commercial Arithmetic, and Appendix*.'—There is much to praise in the arrangement of this work, but, as we have repeatedly complained of similar works, too much attention is paid to facilitating practice, and too little to establishing principles. The scientific arithmetician will easily become a good practical accountant; but the reverse is so far from being true, that the acquisition of mechanical facilities destroys the power for acquiring systematic knowledge.

'*L'Echo de Paris*, by A. P. Lepage.'—A selection of familiar phrases, to which is added, a vocabulary of all the words and idioms used. It is likely, we think, to be useful.

'*Le Caméléon, Journal non Politique, rédigé par A. P. Barbieux. Par. I.*'—This is a light and pleasant *olla podrida* of literature and anecdote.

'*Ford on Dropsy*.'—When a physician knows nothing more of a disease than he has found in books open to the perusal of everyone, and not so much as the generality of his medical brethren, he is not entitled to publish a work on the subject. We recommend this piece of information to the attention of Dr. Ford, as one of which he appears as yet ignorant.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

METEOROLOGY.

THE daily increasing interest that is felt in Meteorological Researches, the high rank that they have of late assumed in the department of physical science, the importance of the results which may be obtained from them by a cautious system of induction, and the absolute necessity, before such results can be announced as general principles, that the observations on which they are founded, should be numerous, accurate, and authentic, have rendered us for some time more than ordinarily anxious to meet the demand for information, in a manner at once full and satisfactory; and our readers will learn with pleasure, that our exertions have been crowned with the highest success, in proof of which, we this day present them with 'The Meteorological Journal' kept by order of the President and Council of the Royal Society, at their Apartments in Somerset House, the benefits of which are thus no longer to be delayed for the period of six months, and then confined to their own members, or such other wealthy individuals as can afford to purchase their valuable but necessarily expensive 'Transactions,' but are to be given to the public, through the (authorized) medium of our columns, at the close of each successive month. It is unnecessary we should say anything as to the increased value which our paper thus acquires, in being made the record of the standard observations, with which all others, both through our own and foreign countries, are uniformly compared: it is equally unnecessary that we should insist on the intrinsic value of the observations made, with the assistance of the most finished instruments, by an observer to whose real and accuracy honorable testimony has been borne by such competent witnesses as Herschel, Daniell, Lubbock, and Forbes:—let us rather endeavour (as the subject has not hitherto been treated much at length in our pages) to furnish our readers with a few general explanatory observations, such as may enable them to study with more interest, and use with more advantage, the tables, which from time to time we shall present them.

"Climate," according to Humboldt's definition, "combines the simultaneous action of all physical causes; and it depends on heat, humidity, light, the electrical tension of vapours, and the variable pressure of the atmosphere." Of these, which we may term elements of climate, the three usually looked on as most important, are the weight, temperature, and humidity of the atmosphere, severally measured by the barometer, the thermometer, and the hygrometer; to which we may add, the direction of the winds, or aerial currents, indicated by the vane, and the actual quantity of precipitation, or rain fallen, on a given surface, as shown by the rain-gauge. These constitute, as it were, a body of facts, upon which all meteorological science must ultimately rest, and they will be found duly noted for intervals of a day or less in the columns of the register which we subjoin—[see p. 578—80].

On referring to this register, which embraces the first six months of the present year, our readers will observe, that after the first column, containing the date of the observation and phase of the moon, come four columns containing the states of the barometer and affixed thermometer, as observed at the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. This informs us respecting the weight of the atmosphere, which we have above designated as the first element of climate. The figures under the head Barometer, show in inches and thousandths parts of an inch, the registered observations of the instrument, individually corrected for the instrumental error of capacities, and exhibit the height to which a column of atmospheric air, reaching from the level of the cistern of the barometer to the top of the atmosphere, was able to uphold a column of mercury, at the time of

the observation. The instrument used at the Royal Society, is that termed the Standard Barometer, made by Newman, under the direction and immediate inspection of Professor Daniell, who undertook the office at the express request of a Committee of the Royal Society; and the accuracy of this instrument has been proved by intermediate comparison with the barometers at almost every Observatory of any note throughout Europe. A most interesting account of the means taken to ensure success, with a description of the whole process employed, is given by Professor Daniell in his *Meteorological Essays*, page 349, &c. The peculiar advantages of the instrument, as stated by Mr. Hudson, are "a tube of great diameter, a cistern of unusual extent of surface, and an apparatus for determining the height of the mercurial column, so delicate and perfect, that, with the unassisted eye, it may be determined on successive trials, with a difference only in the ten-thousandths of an inch." The benefit of the great diameter of the tube, is, that the errors arising from capillary attraction are thereby, in a great measure, got rid of: the advantage of a cistern of unusual extent of surface, is, that the rise or fall of the mercury in the tube can make the less difference in the level of that in the cistern; and this does away with another source of error in ordinary instruments, for the height of the mercury in the tube is always supposed to be measured from the surface of that in the cistern; but, if the latter rises as the former falls, of course no correct observation can be made. There is still a third source of error in all observations on barometers, which it is impossible to guard against, and for which, therefore, we must allow in our calculations. This is the effect of temperature, which will occasion an expansion of the mercury in the barometer, and so cause its column to stand at a greater height than it would attain by (what it is intended to measure) the simple weight of the atmosphere. To enable us to allow for this, a thermometer is attached to the barometer, and always read off with it at the moment of examination, by which means the observer is able, at his leisure, to calculate the exact amount of the resulting dilatation, and so make the necessary allowance; and this will be found done in the *Journal* at the end of each month, where the mean barometrical height of the whole month, corrected for temperature and capillarity, is given, as it would have appeared, had the instruments been perfectly free from the mechanical interference of capillary action, and the temperature of the entire month never deviated from the standard point of 32° Fahrenheit.

The hours at which the observations are uniformly made, were selected in consequence of their having been found to represent the greatest and least effects of atmospheric pressure during each day. The regularity with which the weight of the air goes through a diurnal revolution in tropical countries, being constantly greater in the morning, and less towards the afternoon, is very remarkable; and the same phenomena are found to exist, though in a considerably less degree, even in our latitude, and the diminution of the amount of variation has been found by Professor Daniell to bear an exact relation to the increased distance from the equator. In our climate this periodicity is not always observable in the returns of a single day; but it is found, on taking the average of ten days, as was done by M. Ramond, or fifteen days, as was done by Mr. Hudson, in his most laborious and praiseworthy Observations, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832, to be both appreciable and uniform: thus, on a reference to our *Journal* (p. 578), though the barometer on the 1st of January stood higher at 3 p.m. than it did at 9 a.m., and the same observation may be extended to no less than fourteen or fifteen days of the month; yet, on taking the mean of the entire

month, the morning returns are uniformly higher than those of the afternoon, and this observation will be found applicable to every one of the six months of which we give the register. It is, therefore, evident that, by making our observations at those times at which the barometer is generally highest and lowest,—i. e. at 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., we shall obtain the true mean, though not of each day, yet of each group of ten or fifteen days, and so the true mean of the entire month, or entire year.

The indications of the thermometer are generally understood, that they scarce require from us any remark. The instruments used are graduated by Fahrenheit's scale, which is generally used in this country, chiefly, as it appears, from the inconvenience which would be felt in changing a standard to which we are accustomed. There can be no question that many advantages would arise from the adoption of the centigrade division, the use of which, except in the British dominions, is almost universal. The external thermometer is a fine old instrument from the hand of Nairne, and has a scale of sufficient openness to allow its degrees to be divided into tenths by the eye, with great estimated accuracy; and with respect to the observations made with the thermometer generally, we need only remark here, their great value and importance, from the increased interest felt at the present day on the subject of mean temperature. The principle of the thermometer called Self-registering, is simply, that it carries, within its tube, and drawn down to the mercury by a magnet, when set, a steel index moving with slight friction, and which is deposited at the lowest point to which it had contracted, or the highest point to which it had expanded, in the absence of the observer, who has nothing to do but note the point indicated, and return the index to its position on the top of the fluid. The instrument employed in these observations, is of Six's construction, and was made with great care by the late W. Cary. Between the four columns devoted to the thermometer and those containing the indications of the barometer, will be found a single column, headed, "Dew Point at 9 a.m. in degrees of Fahrenheit." This point is ascertained by the use of that beautiful and philosophical instrument, the Hygrometer, invented by Professor Daniell, but for which, in its simplest form, we are indebted to the venerable Dalton. The object of the instrument is to ascertain the quantity of moisture present in the atmosphere; and, as the principle on which it acts is exactly the same as that employed by Dalton in his far simpler apparatus, we shall select the latter as more easily admitting of explanation without a reference to plates or models.

All air contains water in solution, and the warmer the air is, the greater the quantity of water it can contain. It is a sufficiently familiar fact, that if, into a warm room filled with company, a number of glasses containing iced water or any cold liquid be brought, their surface will instantly be covered with a copious deposition of dew. This dew is nothing more than the moisture of the atmosphere of the room, which it was by its high temperature enabled to retain in the shape of vapour; but the cold surface of the glasses instantly cooled down the portion of the atmosphere with which they came in contact; it had no longer the heat necessary to retain so much water in a state of vapour; therefore, as much of the water as exceeded the saturation point of the atmosphere at its new temperature was deposited in the liquid form. This well known fact, Mr. Dalton makes use of to measure the quantity of moisture which the air may contain, or, to speak more accurately, to ascertain how nearly the air approaches to being saturated with moisture. For this purpose, he says, "I usually take a tall cylindrical glass jar, dry on the outside, and fill it with cold spring water fresh from the well; if dew be immediately

formed on the outside, I pour the water out, let it stand awhile to increase in temperature, dry the outside of the glass with a linen cloth, and then pour the water in again: this operation is to be continued till the dew ceases to be formed, and then the temperature of the water must be observed. Spring water is generally about 50°, and will mostly answer the purpose the three hottest months of the year: in other seasons, an artificial cold mixture is required."

To understand this process, it is only necessary to bear in mind the fact before stated, that the higher the temperature, the greater the quantity of vapour required for saturation. Now, suppose that a cubic foot of air, at 60° Fahrenheit, can contain any given quantity—say twelve grains—of water in the form of vapour, and that the same cubic foot of air at 50° Fahrenheit, can contain only ten grains, it is evident, that if at the former temperature it is saturated, and then suddenly reduced to the latter, it must deposit two grains of its vapour in the form of dew or rain. But if on being reduced to 50° it gives no deposit, we then conclude, that it did not contain its full quantity of vapour, and if we continue to cool it until dew appears, we shall be able to tell how much it wanted of being saturated. This is exactly Mr. Dalton's experiment: he takes the temperature of the water exactly at the last point where dew is formed, for the water while standing or being poured from glass to glass is, of course, acquiring more nearly the temperature of the atmosphere. He also observes the temperature of the atmosphere at the same moment: the more nearly those two temperatures approach, the greater is the relative quantity of moisture contained in the air, and when they coincide, the atmosphere is actually saturated with moisture, and then the least fall of temperature or increase of pressure will produce condensation—that is, cause the moisture to come down in a shower of rain. To apply this to our tables; if we examine the report under date of January 1, we find that at 9 a.m. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 39°.7, and that at the same moment the air required to be cooled down to 33°, before the dew-point was found—that is, before deposition of moisture took place on the glass used for the purpose. If we refer now to the direction of the wind, in the last column, we find it to be W.N.W., and as it continued in a westerly direction for several successive days, we may conclude that during the whole of January 1, the wind did not suffer much variation, but blew from the west and north. Now these are essentially dry points here, as the wind blowing from them must have traversed almost the whole of England, and so deposited any moisture, with which it had come laden from the Atlantic or Channel, before reaching the vicinity of London. Such winds, therefore, would be little likely to add to whatever moisture was already in the atmosphere; we may, consequently, conclude that the dew-point did not rise much at any part of that day, but remained tolerably steady at 33°. It then becomes a question, whether the thermometer at a *vy* part of the day fell so low as 33°; and a glance at the first column of the self-registering thermometer at once answers this in the negative, as its lowest point marked 38°.3, so that we should have no hesitation in saying that no fall of rain of any note could have taken place on this day, and on referring to the Remarks, this is borne out by the words "Cloudless—haze." It is only necessary to add, that a London haze has nothing to do with the deposition of rain, and that the small portion of rain (about the fiftieth of an inch) marked in the column for that day, probably fell on the preceding, as the register is kept from 9 o'clock one morning to 9 o'clock the next. A marked contrast with all the particulars of this day, will be found on reference to January 10, where, at 9 a.m., dew-point was at 43°, and thermometer at 42°.9; it must, therefore,

have been on the point of raining at the moment. The wind also was S., bringing constant additions of moisture, and the lowest point of the thermometer marked 40°·7: now, every old soldier and mail-coach traveller knows that the coldest period would probably be for an hour or two before sunrise; therefore, supposing this to have been on January 10, about 5 or 6 A.M., it is clear that the thermometer for the whole morning was below the dew-point, consequently, that the whole morning must have been wet, and a reference to the remarks shows, "A.M. Drizzling rain."

(The Rain Gauge was newly fitted up a few years ago by Newman; and the direction of the wind is derived from the large and delicate vane, erected by the late Navy Board at Somerset House.)

We have now said as much as we can conveniently give room to for the present. There are some points on which we might perhaps wish for additional information; we might desire some indications of the electrical state of the atmosphere, which is certainly a matter of high importance; we might desire that, in addition to the rain-gauge at an elevation of 79 feet, another on the surface of the ground should be added, as it is well known that the quantity of rain is greater at the surface than at any distance above it: we might also desire to know something of the force, as well as the direction of the wind, and conceive it might not be very difficult to measure it, by some such means as those suggested by Mr. Howard or Dr. Forster—viz. the distance to which it would carry, from the perpendicular, a body of given weight and dimensions falling through a stated number of feet. The consideration of these matters, however, we postpone to another time; all that we have now obtained is valuable in the highest degree; and it is with a mixture of extreme pleasure, and (we trust) pardonable satisfaction at the result of our exertions, that we hasten to present it to our readers.

[* See the Tables, p. 578—80.]

CLAUDE GUEUX.
BY VICTOR HUGO.

[This tale has just appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. We have translated it, thinking that, as one of the last works of its celebrated author, it cannot but be welcome to the public.]

SEVEN or eight years ago, a man of the name of Claude Gueux, a poor artisan, was living in Paris: he had with him a girl who was his mistress, and a child by this girl. I tell things as they were, leaving the reader to gather the moral for himself, as the facts of my story bring it before him. This artisan was skilful, quick, intelligent, very ill-treated by education—very well-treated by nature—able to think, but not to read. One winter his work failed him—there was neither fire nor food in his garret—the man, the girl, and the child, were cold and hungry,—he committed a theft—I know not what he stole, or whence he stole it—I know only that the consequences of this theft were, three days' food and fire to the girl and the child, and five years of imprisonment to the man.

He was sent to undergo his sentence at the House of Correction at Clairvaux—an abbey changed into a jail—a cell changed into a prison—cage—an altar changed into a pillory. When we speak of change, it is thus that certain persons understand and execute it—such a meaning do they give to the word.

To proceed. When arrived there, he was placed in a dungeon at night, and in a work-shop by day: I have no quarrel with the work-shop.

Claude Gueux, lately an honest man, now and henceforth a thief, was dignified and grave in appearance: his high forehead was already wrinkled, though he was still young—some grey lines lurked among the black and bushy tufts of his hair—his eye was soft, and buried deep be-

neath his lofty and well-turned eyebrow—his nostrils were open—his chin advancing—his lip scornful: it was a fine head—we shall see what society made of it.

He was a man of few words—more frequent gestures—somewhat imperious in his whole manner, and one to make himself obeyed—of a melancholy air—rather serious than suffering;—for all that, he had suffered enough.

In the place where he was confined, there was a director of the work-rooms—a kind of functionary peculiar to prisons—who combined in himself the offices of turnkey and tradesman—who would at the same time issue an order to the workman and threaten the prisoner—put tools in his hands, and irons on his feet. This man was a variety of his own species—a man peremptory, tyrannical, governed by his fancies—holding tight the reins of his authority; and yet on occasion a boon companion, jovial, and condescending to a joke—rather hard than firm—reasoning with no one, not even himself—a good father, and doubtless a good husband—(a duty, by the way, and not a virtue,) in short, evil but not bad. The principal, the diagonal line of this man's character, was obstinacy—he was proud of it, and therein compared himself to Napoleon; when he had once fixed what he called *his will* upon an absurdity, he went to its farthest length, holding his head high, and despising all obstacles. Such violence of purpose without reason, is only folly tied to the tail of brute force, and serving to lengthen it. For the most part, whenever a catastrophe, whether public or private, happens amongst men, if we look beneath the rubbish with which it strews the earth, to find in what manner the fallen fabric had been propped, we shall, with rare exceptions, discover it to have been blindly put together by a weak and obstinate man, trusting and admiring himself implicitly. Many of the smaller of these strange fatalities pass in the world for providences. Such was he who was the director of the work-rooms in the central prison of Clairvaux—such was the stone with which society daily struck its prisoners to draw sparks from them. The sparks which such stones draw from such flints often kindle conflagrations.

We have said that, once having arrived at Clairvaux, Claude Gueux was classed in a work-room, and kept to hard labour. The director became acquainted with him, perceived that he worked well, and treated him accordingly: it even appeared that one day, being in a good humour, and seeing Claude Gueux very sad,—for he was always thinking upon her whom he called *his wife*,—he told him, by way of amusing as well as consoling him, that the unfortunate creature had become a woman of the town. Claude asked coldly what had become of the child: he did not know.

In a short time Claude found the prison air natural to him, and appeared to have forgotten everything: a certain severe serenity, which belonged to his character, had resumed its mastery.

In about the same time, he had acquired a singular ascendancy over all his companions: as if by a sort of silent agreement, and without any one knowing wherefore, not even himself, all these men consulted him, listened to him, admired, and imitated him (the last point to which admiration can mount). It was no slight glory to be obeyed by all these lawless natures—the empire had come to him without his own seeking—it was a consequence of the respect with which they beheld him. The eye of a man is a window, through which may be seen the thoughts which enter into and issue from his heart.

Place an individual who possesses ideas among those who do not,—at the end of a given time, and by a law of irresistible attraction, all their misty minds shall draw together with humility and reverence round his illuminated

one. There are men who are iron, and there are men who are loadstone—Claude was loadstone.

In less than three months, he had become the soul, the law, the order of the work-room: he was the dial, concentrating all rays;—he must even himself have sometimes doubted whether he were king or prisoner—it was the captivity of a pope among his cardinals.

By as natural a reaction, accomplished step by step, as he was loved by the prisoners, so was he detested by the jailers: it is always thus—popularity cannot exist without disfavour—the love of the slaves is always exceeded one degree by the hate of their masters.

Claude Gueux was, by his particular organization, a great eater: his stomach was so formed, that food enough for two common men would hardly have sufficed for his nourishment. M. de Cotadilla had one of these large appetites, and laughed at it; but that which is a cause of gaiety for a Spanish grandee with his 500,000 sheep, is a heavy charge to an artisan, and a misfortune to a prisoner.

Claude Gueux, free, in his own loft, worked all day, earned his four pounds of bread, and ate it—Claude Gueux, in prison, worked all day, and, for his pains, received invariably one pound and a half of bread and four ounces of meat: the ration admits of no change—Claude was therefore constantly hungry whilst in the prison of Clairvaux: he was hungry, and no more—he did not speak of it, because it was not his nature so to do.

One day Claude, after devouring his scanty pittance, had returned to his work, thinking to cheat his hunger by it: the rest of the prisoners were eating cheerily. A young man, pale, fair, and feeble looking, came and placed himself near him—he held in his hand his ration, as yet untouched, and a knife: he remained in that situation, with the air of one who would speak, and dares not. The sight of the man and his bread and meat annoyed Claude—"What do you want?" said he, rudely. "That you would do me a service," said the young man, timidly. "What?" replied Claude. "That you would help me to eat this—it is too much for me." A tear stood in the proud eye of Claude—he took the knife, divided the young man's ration into two equal parts, took one of them, and began eating. "Thank you," said the young man—"if you like, we will share together every day." "What is your name?" said Claude. "Albin." "Wherefore are you here?" "I have committed a theft." "And I, too," said Claude.

Henceforth they did thus share together every day. Claude Gueux was little more than thirty years old, but at times he appeared fifty, so stern were his thoughts usually: Albin was twenty—he might have been taken for seventeen, so much innocence was there in the appearance of this thief. A strict friendship was knit up between the two, rather of father to son than brother to brother, Albin being still almost a child, Claude already nearly an old man. They wrought in the same work-room—they slept under the same vault—they walked in the same airing-ground—they ate of the same bread. Each of these two friends was the universe to the other—it would seem that they were happy.

We have already spoken of the director of the work-rooms. This man, who was abhorred by the prisoners, was often obliged, in order to enforce obedience, to have recourse to Claude Gueux, who was beloved by them. On more than one occasion, when the question was, how to put down a rebellion or a tumult, the authority without title of Claude Gueux had given powerful aid to the official authority of the director: in short, to restrain the prisoners, ten words from him were as good as ten gendarmes. Claude had many times rendered this service to the

director, wherefore the latter detested him cordially. He was jealous of this thief: there was at the bottom of his heart a secret, envious, implacable hatred against Claude—the hate of a titular for a real sovereign—of a temporal against a spiritual power: these are the worst of all hatreds.

Claude loved Albin greatly, and did not trouble himself about the director: one morning, when the turnkeys were lending the prisoners two by two from their dormitory to the work-room, one of them called Albin, who was by the side of Claude, and informed him that the director asked for him. "What does he want with you?" said Claude. "I do not know," replied the other. The turnkey took Albin away.

The morning passed; Albin did not return to the work-room. When the dinner hour arrived, Claude expected that he should rejoin Albin in the airing-ground—but no Albin was there. He returned into the workroom, still Albin did not make his appearance. So passed the day. At night, when the prisoners were removed to their dormitory, Claude looked about for Albin, but could not see him. It would seem that he must have suffered much at that moment, for he addressed the turnkey—a thing which he had never done before—"Is Albin sick?" was his question. "No," replied the turnkey. "Why is it, then, that he has not again made his appearance to-day?" "Ah!" replied the turnkey, carelessly, "they have put him in another ward." The witnesses who deposed to these facts at a later period, remarked, that, at this answer, Claude's hand, in which was a lighted candle, trembled a little. He again asked calmly, "Whose order was this?" The turnkey said, "Monsieur D—'s."

The name of the director of the work-rooms was D—.

The next day went by, like the last, but no Albin.

That evening, when the day's work ended, the director, Monsieur D—, came to make his usual round of inspection. As soon as Claude saw him, he took off his cap of coarse wool, buttoned his grey vest, sad livery of Clairvaux (it is a principle in prisons, that a vest, respectfully buttoned, bespeaks the favour of the superior officers), and placed himself at the end of his bench, waiting till the director came by. He passed. "Sir," said Claude. The director stopped and turned half round. "Sir," said Claude, "is it true that Albin's ward has been changed?"—"Yes," returned the director.—"Sir," continued Claude, "I cannot live without Albin: you know that with the ration of the house I have not enough to eat, and that Albin shared his bread with me."—"That was his business," replied the director.—"Sir, is there no means of getting Albin replaced in the same ward as myself?"—"Impossible! it is so decided."—"By whom?"—"By myself."—"Monsieur D—," persisted Claude, "the question is my life and death, and it depends upon you."—"I never revoke my decisions."—"Sir, is it because I have given you any offence?"—"None."—"In that case," said Claude, "why do you separate me from Albin?"—"It is my will," said the director.

With this explanation he went his way.

Claude stooped his head, and made no answer. Poor caged lion, from whom they had taken his dog!

We are obliged to confess, that the grief of this separation in no way changed the prisoner's almost disease of voracity. Nor was he, in other respects, obviously altered. He did not speak of Albin to any of his comrades. He walked alone in the airing-ground, in the hours of recreation, and suffered hunger—nothing more.

Nevertheless, those who knew him well, remarked something of a sinister and sombre expression, which daily overspread his countenance more and more. In other respects, he was gentler than

ever. Many wished to share their ration with him; he refused with a smile.

Every evening, after the explanation which the director had given him, he committed a sort of folly, which, in so grave a man, was astonishing. At the moment when the director, in the progress of his habitual duty, passed by Claude's working-frame, he would raise his eyes, gaze steadily upon him, and then address to him, in a tone full of distress and anger, combining at once menace and supplication, these two words only—*and Albin?* The director would either appear not to hear, or pass on, shrugging his shoulders.

He was wrong. It became evident to all the lookers-on of these strange scenes, that Claude Gueux was inwardly determined on some step. All the prison awaited with anxiety the result of this strife between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved, that once Claude said to the director, "Listen, Sir; give me back my comrade; you will do well to do it, I assure you. Take notice that I tell you this."

Another time, one Sunday, when he had remained in the airing-ground for many hours in the same attitude, seated on a stone, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead buried in his hands, the convict Faillotte approached him, and cried out, laughing, "What the devil art thou about there, Claude?"—Claude raised his stern head slowly, and said, "I am sitting in judgment."

At last, on the evening of the 25th of Oct., 1831, at the moment when the director was making his round, Claude crushed under his foot a watch-glass, which he had that morning found in the corridor. The director inquired whence that noise proceeded: "It is nothing," said Claude, "it is I, M. le Directeur: give me back my comrade."—"Impossible!" said his master.—"It must be done, though," said Claude, in a low and steady voice; and, looking the director full in the face, added, "Reflect; this is the 25th of October, I give you till the 4th of November."

A turnkey made the remark to Monsieur D—, that Claude threatened him, and that it was a case for solitary confinement. "No, nothing of the kind," said the director, with a disdainful smile, "We must be gentle with these sort of people."

On the morrow, the convict Pernot approached Claude, who walked by himself, melancholy, leaving the other prisoners to bask in a patch of sunshine at the further corner of the court: "What now, Claude? What art thinking of? thou seemest sad."—"I am afraid," said Claude, "that some misfortune will happen soon to this gentle M. D—."

There are nine full days from the 25th of October to the 4th of November. Claude did not let one pass without gravely warning the director of the state, more and more miserable, in which the disappearance of Albin placed him. The director, worn out, sentenced him to four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement, because his prayer was too like a demand. This was all that Claude obtained.

The 4th of November arrived. On this day, Claude arose with such a serene countenance as he had not worn since the day when the decision of M. D— had separated him from his friend. When risen, he searched in a white wooden box which stood at the foot of his bed, and contained his few possessions. He drew thence a pair of sempstress's scissors. These, with an odd volume of 'Emile,' were all that remained to him of the woman he had loved—of the mother of his child—of his happy little home of other days. Two articles, totally useless to Claude; the scissors could only be of service to a woman—the book to a lettered person. Claude could neither sew nor read.

At the time when he was traversing the old cloister, desecrated and blanched, which serves as the winter walk for the prisoners, he approach-

ed the convict Ferrari, who was looking with attention at the enormous bars of a window. Claude was holding the little pair of scissors in his hands; he showed them to Ferrari, saying, "To-night I will divide those bars with these scissors."

Ferrari began to laugh incredulously; Claude joined him.

That morning he worked with more zeal than usual—faster and better than ever before. He appeared to attach a certain importance to completing that morning a straw hat, for which M. Bressier, an honest *bourgeois* of Troyes, had paid him beforehand.

A little past noon he went down on some pretext or other to the joiner's workshop, on the ground-floor, under the story in which was his own. Claude was beloved there, as everywhere else; but he entered it seldom. Thus it was—"Stop! here's Claude!" They got round him; it was a perfect holiday. He cast a quick glance round the room. Not one of the overlookers was there. "Who has a hatchet to lend me?" said he. "What to do?" was the inquiry. "Kill the director of the work-rooms." They offered him many to choose from. He took the smallest of those which were very sharp, hid it in his trousers, and went out. There were twenty-seven prisoners in that room. He had not desired them to keep his secret: they all kept it. They did not even talk of it among themselves. Every one separately awaited the result. The thing was straightforward—terribly simple. Claude could neither be counselled nor denounced.

An hour afterwards he approached a convict sixteen years old, who was lounging in the place of exercise, and advised him to learn to read. At this moment the prisoner Faillotte spoke to Claude, and asked him what the devil he was hiding there in his trousers. "It is a hatchet," said Claude, "to kill Monsieur D— to-night;" and added, "Can you see it?" "A little," answered Faillotte.

The rest of the day was as usual. At seven o'clock at night the prisoners were shut up, each division in the work-room to which they belonged, and the overlookers went out, as it appears was the custom, not to return till after the director's visit. Claude was locked in with his companions like the rest.

Then there passed in this work-room an extraordinary scene; one not without majesty and awe, the only one of the kind which is to be told in this story. There were there, (according to the judiciary deposition afterwards made,) four-and-twenty thieves, including Claude. As soon as the overlookers had left them alone, Claude stood up upon a bench, and announced to all the room that he had something to say. There was silence.

Then Claude raised his voice, and said, "You all know that Albin was my brother. Here they do not give me enough to eat; even with the bread which I can buy with the little I earn, it is not sufficient. Albin shared his ration with me. I loved him at first, because he fed me; then, because he loved me. The director, Monsieur D—, separated us; our being together could be nothing to him, but he is a bad-hearted man, who enjoys tormenting others. I have asked him for Albin back again. You have heard me. He will not do it. I gave him till the 4th of November to restore Albin to me. He ordered me into solitary confinement for telling him so. I, during this time, have sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him to death. We are now at the 4th of November. In two hours he will come to make his round. I warn you that I am about to kill him. Have you anything to say on the matter?"

All continued silent.

He went on—he spoke (so it appears) with a peculiar eloquence which was natural to him.

He declared that he knew he was about to do a violent deed, but could not think it wrong. He appealed to the conscience of his four-and-twenty listeners. He was placed in a cruel extremity; the necessity of doing justice to himself was a strait into which every man found himself driven at one time or other: he could not, in truth, take the director's life without giving his own for it, but it was right to give his life for a just end. He had thought deeply on the matter, and that alone, for two months; he believed he was not carried away by passion, but if it were so, he trusted they would warn him. He honestly submitted his reasons to the just men whom he addressed. He was about to kill Monsieur D., but if any one had any objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say, that before killing the director, Claude ought to make one last attempt to soften him.

"It is fair," said Claude, "I will do so."

The great clock struck the hour—it was eight. The director would make his appearance at nine.

No sooner had this extraordinary court of appeal ratified the sentence he had submitted to it, than Claude resumed his former serenity. He placed upon the table all the linen and garments he possessed, the scanty property of a prisoner, and calling to him one after the other those of his companions, whom he loved best after Albin, he divided all amongst them. He only kept the little pair of scissors. Then he embraced them all. Some of them wept—upon these he smiled.

There were moments in this last hour, when he chatted with so much tranquillity, and even gaiety, that many of his comrades inwardly hoped, as they afterwards declared, that he might perhaps abandon his resolution. He even once amused himself with extinguishing one of the few candles which lighted the work-room, by blowing through his nostrils; for he had vulgar habits, which deranged his natural dignity oftener than they should have done. There were times when he could do nothing which did not smack of the kennels of Paris.

He perceived a young convict who was pale, who was gazing upon him with fixed eyes, and trembling, doubtless from expectation of what he was about to witness. "Come, courage, young man," said Claude to him softly; "it will be only the work of a moment."

When he had distributed all his goods, made all his adieus, pressed all their hands, he interrupted the restless whisperings which were heard here and there in the dim corners of the work-room, and commanded that they should return to their labour;—all obeyed him in silence.

The apartment in which this passed was an oblong hall, a parallelogram, lighted with windows on its two longer sides, and with two doors opposite each other at the two ends of the room. The working-frames were ranged on each side near the windows, the benches touching the wall at right angles, and the space left free between the two rows of frames formed a sort of avenue, which went straight from one door to the other, crossing the hall entirely. It was this which the director traversed in making his inspection: he was to enter at the south door, and go out by the north, after having looked at the workmen on the right and left. Commonly he passed through quickly and without stopping.

Claude had reseated himself on his bench, and had betaken himself to his work, as *James Clement betook himself to his prayers*.

All were in expectation—the moment approached—on a sudden they heard the clock strike—Claude said, "It is the last quarter." Then he rose, crossed gravely a part of the hall, and placed himself leaning on his elbow on the first frame on the left hand side, close to the door of

entrance: his countenance was perfectly calm and benign.

Nine o'clock struck—the door opened—the director came in.

At that moment the silence of the work-room was as of a chamber full of statues.

The director alone was as usual: he entered with his jovial, self-satisfied, and stubborn air, without noticing Claude, who was standing at the left side of the door, his right hand hidden in his trousers, and passed rapidly by the first frames, tossing his head, mumbling his words, and casting his glance, which was law, here and there, not perceiving that the eyes of all who surrounded him were fixed upon him as upon a fearful phantom. On a sudden he turned sharply round, surprised to hear a step behind him.

It was Claude, who for some instants followed him in silence.

"What art thou about there?" said the director; "what makes thee not in thy place?"

For in prison a man is no longer a man—they speak to him as to a dog.

Claude Gueux answered respectfully, "Because I have something to say to you, M. le Directeur."

"What about?"

"Concerning Albin."

"Still Albin!" exclaimed the director.

"Always!" replied Claude.

"Be quiet," said the director, walking on again; "thou art not content then with thy four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement?"

Claude followed him—"M. le Directeur, give me back my comrade."

"Impossible."

"M. le Directeur," said Claude, in a tone which might have softened a fiend, "I entreat you, restore Albin to me. You shall see how well I will work. To you, who are free, it is no matter—you do not know what the worth of a friend is; but I have only the four walls of my prison. You can come and go—I have nothing but Albin—give him back to me. Albin fed me—you know it well. It will only cost you the trouble of saying yes: what can it be to you that there should be in the same room one man called Claude Gueux, another called Albin? for the thing is simply that. M. le Directeur, good Monsieur D., I beseech you earnestly for heaven's sake."

Claude had probably never before said so much at one time to a jailer: exhausted with the effort, he paused;—the director replied, with an impatient gesture, "Impossible—I have said it: speak to me no more about it—you wear me out."

Then, as if in a hurry, he stepped on more quickly, Claude following. Thus speaking, they had reached the door of exit; the prisoners looked after them, and listened breathlessly.

Claude gently touched the director's arm. "At least let me know why I am condemned to death—tell me why you have separated him from me."

"I have told you," answered the director, "It is my will."

He turned his back upon Claude, and was about to take hold of the latch of the door.

On this answer, Claude had retreated a step—the assembled statues who were there saw him bring out his right hand, and the hatchet with it—it was raised, and ere the victim could utter one cry, three blows, one upon the other, had cleft his skull. At the moment when he fell back, a fourth blow laid his face open,—then, as if his frenzy, once let loose, could not stop, Claude struck a fifth blow: 'twas useless—he was dead.

"Now for the other!" cried the murderer, and threw away the hatchet. That other was himself. They saw him draw from his bosom the small pair of scissors, and before any one could attempt to hinder him, bury them in his

breast. The blade was too short to penetrate. He struck them in again and again, as many as twenty times. "Accursed heart! cannot I then reach you?" and finally fell in a dead swoon, bathed in his blood.

Which of these men was the victim of the other?

When Claude returned to consciousness, he was in bed, well attended, his wounds carefully bandaged; some good Sisters of Charity were about his pillow, and more than one magistrate, who asked him with the appearance of great interest, "Are you better?"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors with which he had wounded himself, had done their duty ill—none of the wounds were dangerous.

The examinations commenced. They asked him if it were he who had killed the director of the work-rooms at Clairvaux. He replied, "It was." They asked him why he had done it. He answered, "It was his will."

After this, the wounds festered. He was seized with a severe fever, of which he only did not die. November, December, January, and February, went over in recovering him and preparing for his trial—physicians and judges alike made him the objects of their care—the former healed his wounds, the latter made ready his scaffold. To be brief, on the 16th of March, 1832, he appeared, being perfectly cured, before the Assize Court at Troyes. All the inhabitants of the town who could attend, were present.

Claude made a good appearance before the Court; he had been carefully shaved, his head was bare—he was dressed in the sad prison livery of Clairvaux, of two shades of grey.

The King's Advocate had crowded the hall with all the bayonets of the province, "To keep in," as he informed the spectators, "the wretches who would figure as witnesses in this matter."

When the trial was entered upon, a singular difficulty presented itself. Not any of the witnesses of the events of the 4th of November, would make a deposition against Claude. The President threatened them with his discretionary power in vain. Claude then commanded them to give evidence. All their tongues were loosed. They related what they had seen.

Claude listened with profound attention. When one of them, out of forgetfulness, or affection for him, omitted some of the circumstances chargeable upon the accused, Claude supplied them. By this means, the chain of facts which we have related, was unfolded before the Court.

There was one moment when some of the females present wept. The huissier summoned the convict Albin. It was his turn to come forward. He entered, staggering with emotion, he wept. The gendarmes could not prevent his falling into the arms of Claude. Claude raised him, and said with a smile to the King's Advocate, "Here is a villain who shares his bread with those who are hungry." Then he kissed Albin's hand.

The list of witnesses having been gone through, the King's Advocate rose and spoke, in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, society would be shaken to its foundations, if public vengeance did not overtake such great criminals as this man, who, &c. &c."

After this memorable discourse, Claude's advocate spoke. The pleader against, and the pleader for, made each, in due order, the evolutions which they are accustomed to make in the arena which is called a criminal court.

Claude did not think that all was said. He arose in his turn. He spoke in a manner which must have amazed all the intelligent persons present on the occasion. It appeared as if there were more of the orator than the murderer in this poor artisan. He spoke in an upright attitude, with a penetrating and well managed voice, with an open, sincere, and steadfast gaze,

with a gesture almost always the same, but full of command. There were moments in which his genuine lofty eloquence stirred the crowd to a murmur, during which Claude took breath, casting a bold gaze upon the by-standers. Then again, this man, who could not read, was as gentle, polished, select in his language as an informed person—at other moments, modest, measured, attentive, going step by step over the irritating parts of the argument, courteous to his judges. Once only, he gave way to a burst of passion: the King's Advocate had proved in his speech, that Claude Gueux has assassinated the director, without any violence on his part, and consequently *without provocation*.

"What!" exclaimed Claude, "I have not been provoked! Ah, yes, it is the truth—I understand you. A drunken man strikes me with his dagger—I kill him, I have been provoked, you show mercy to me, you send me to the galleys. But a man who is not drunk, who has the perfect use of his reason, wrings my heart for four years, humbles me for four years, pierces me with a weapon every day, every hour, every minute, in some unexpected point, for four years! I had a wife, for whose sake I became a thief—he tortures me through that wife—a child, for whom I stole—he tortures me through that child—I have not bread enough to eat—a friend gives it me—he takes away my friend and my food! I ask for my friend back—he condemns me to solitary confinement—I speak to him—him the spy—respectfully; he answers me in dog's language. I tell him I am suffering—he tells me I wear him out. What would you then that I should do? I kill him. It is well; I am a monster, I have murdered this man, I have not been provoked, you take my life for it; be it so!"

The debates being closed, the president made his impartial and luminous summing up. The results were these: a wicked life—a wretch in purpose—Claude Gueux had begun by living in concubinage—he had then stolen—then murdered. All this was true.

When the jury were about being conducted to their apartment, the president asked the accused if he had anything to say upon the questions before them. "Little," replied Claude. "Only this. I am a thief and an assassin—I have stolen, and have slain a man. But why have I stolen? Why have I murdered?—Add these two questions to the rest, gentlemen of the jury."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation, on the part of the twelve countrymen whom he had addressed as *gentlemen of the jury*, Claude Gueux was condemned to death.

It is certain, that at the opening of the cause, many of them had remarked that the accused was called Gueux (*beggar*), which had made a profound impression upon them.

Their decision was read to Claude, who contented himself with saying—"It is well—but why has this man stolen? Why has this man murdered? These are questions to which they make no answer."

He was carried back to prison. He supped almost gaily.

He had no wish to make an appeal against his sentence. One of the Sisters, who had nursed him, entreated him, with tears, to do so. He complied, out of kindness to her. It would appear as if he had resisted till the very last moment, for when he signed his petition in the register, the legal delay of three days had expired some minutes before. The poor grateful Sister gave him five francs. He accepted the money and thanked her.

Whilst his appeal was pending, offers of escape were made to him by the prisoners at Troyes, who were devoted to him. They threw, one after the other, into his dungeon, through its air-hole, a nail, a bit of iron file, and the handle of a bucket. Any of these three tools would have been sufficient to so skilful a man as Claude,

to cut through his irons. He gave up the nail, the file, and the handle to the turnkey.

On the 1st of June, 1832, seven months and four days after the deed, its expiation arrived, *pede claudo*, as we see. That day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the recorder of the tribunal entered Claude's dungeon, and announced to him that he had not more than an hour to live. His petition was rejected.

"Come," said Claude, coldly, "I have this night slept well, without troubling myself that I should sleep still better the next."

It would appear as if the words of strong men always receive a certain dignity from approaching death.

The priest arrived—then the executioner. He was humble to the one, gentle to the other.

He maintained a perfect ease of spirit. Whilst they were cutting off his hair, some one spoke in a corner of the dungeon of the cholera, which was at that moment threatening Troyes. "For my part," said Claude, with a smile, "I have no fear of the cholera."

He listened to the priest with extreme attention, accusing himself of many things, and regretting that he had not been instructed in religion.

At his request they had given him back the scissors with which he had wounded himself—one blade which had been broken in his breast was wanting. He entreated the jailor to have these scissors taken to Albin, as from himself. He said also that he was anxious they should add to this legacy, the ration of bread he should have eaten that day.

He besought those who bound his hands to place in his right hand the five franc piece which the Sister had given him—the only thing which was now remaining to him.

At a quarter to eight, he went out of his prison, with the customary mournful procession which attends the condemned. He was on foot, pale, his eyes fixed on the priest's crucifix—but he walked with a firm step.

This day had been chosen for his execution, because it was market-day, that he might be beheld on his way to the scaffold by as many as possible, for it would seem as if there were yet in France towns full of half-savage people, who, when society takes a man's life, make a public boast of it.

He ascended the scaffold gravely, his eyes always fixed on the cross of Christ. He embraced the priest first, then the executioner, thanking the one, forgiving the other. The executioner pushed him back gently, says one account. At the moment when the assistant bound him on the hideous machine, he made a sign to the priest to take the five franc piece which he had in his right hand, and said to him, "For the poor." As at that moment the clock was striking eight, the sound from the steeple drowned his voice, and the confessor answered that he could not hear him. Claude waited for an interval between two of the strokes, and repeated with gentleness, "For the poor."

The eighth stroke had not yet sounded when this noble and intelligent head had fallen.

S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

WE have this week to record the departure of another mighty spirit from among us—the quenching in the darkness of the grave of another of the few bright stars which yet remained to us.

We have it not in our power to offer any detailed biographical notice of Mr. Coleridge. That he was born at Bristol, educated at Christ's Hospital, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, and accompanied the late Sir Alexander Ball to Malta as secretary, are facts which are already public. His tour to Germany, (accomplished through the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgewoods),—his residence at

Nether Stowey and at the Lakes—his marriage, and the birth of his children—his labours in the *Friend*, the *Watchman*, and the *Morning Post*—his residence, during the latter years of his life at Highgate—are things so well known to the greater number of our readers, that they call for no particular mention on this occasion. His life was one of precarious fortunes—the consequences of those singularities of character, temperament, and habits, which grew out of his original and peculiar genius. Those who have read his '*Biographia Literaria*,' will not forget his account of his journey to solicit subscriptions for his *Watchman*—nor his extraordinary harangue against *periodical literature*, in the house of one for whose patronage he was then soliciting. It was a type of the man—a sure token that, in the hard business of life, its strivings, and its amassings, he could not be successful. Another anecdote of him, no less characteristic, may not be so generally known. We have reason to believe, that during the earlier period of his life he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons; of course he did not remain long in the service; perhaps his then democratic principles made his officers willing to get rid of him—perhaps (which is a fact) because he could not be taught to ride.

The news of his death came upon us at the very moment when a complete edition of his poems; (on which his fame will rest) was calling for some few remarks on our part, which we had purposely delayed, in the earnestness of our desire to do justice to the subject. These last tidings have invested them with a sacredness which would make any critical anatomy of their beauties and defects unseemly and irreverent at the present moment. Yet it may not be amiss to point out their three-fold nature—as works of passionate and exalted meditation (witness his '*Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*,' his '*Lines on an Autumnal Evening*,' his '*Religious Musings*,' his '*Ode to the Departing Year*,' and many other of his earlier poems)—as out-pourings of the wild inspiration of old romance (is it needful to refer to his '*Ancient Mariner*,' and his '*Genevieve*,' and his '*Christabel*?'—and his latest verses, as treasuring in a few lines, matured philosophy—mingling wisdom with retrospect, and intimations of holy truths with pleasant and simple images. Nor must we forget to allude to his version of '*Wallenstein*,' a master-translation of a master-work—or his original dramatic compositions, too full of deep thought and delicate imagery for a stage, on which, to ensure success, an author (to borrow the words of the most accomplished actress of these later days) should write "as they paint the scenes, in great splashes of black and white."

To all these several merits the world has done, and is doing, slow but sure justice. We cannot but remember the hooting of derision with which '*Christabel*' was received, on its first appearance; nor how, a year or two afterwards, when Lord Byron, in transplanting one of its images into his more popular '*Parina*,' took occasion to call it "that singularly wild and beautiful poem," many, and those educated persons, regarded the praise as affectation, or, at best, as a condescending kindness. Since then, however, that fragment has crept up in public opinion, and been more quoted than perhaps any other poem of its length. Such has been the progress of the author's fame. It may not have spread so widely as the reputation of other writers—one half of which is, after all, but a refined species of mob-popularity; but it has risen to a dignity and an elevation, surpassing that gained by most men, in the estimation of those, in whose hearts it is the poet's highest distinction and glory to have his name embalmed.

Many have grieved over the smallness of the

; Three vols.—Pickering.

number of Coleridge's works—they would have had much gold and silver, instead of the few diamonds of perfect water he has bequeathed to them. Many have regretted that his powers were expended on conversation instead of being turned to less perishable uses. But such expenditure is not waste—discourse must have listeners; and the eloquence of such a man fulfils a purpose of no mean importance, if it encourage the timid—if it reach the apprehensions of the slow, and excite the indolent to think. The philosophers of old thus conversed in their porticos and groves, and their works were to be found in the minds of their followers.

And now, while we record that this tongue of wisdom is mute for ever—this hand of the minstrel is cold and dead, we feel it our duty to utter a warning voice to our rising poets, and earnestly to impress on them that they are undertaking no holiday task—that if they would take up the prostrate sceptres of those who have been kings and rulers among us, it is not by a careless and affected dedication of their powers that they may hope to wield them. Like the champions of old, they must purify themselves for such high service by devotional vigils—they must bind themselves by vows of good faith as well as of daring and of diligence—and each, as much as in him lies, regard it as a sacred duty to keep the true fire upon the temple of the altar from expiring—even though the prouder lot of rekindling it to its olden brightness be reserved for others mightier than himself.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

SHALL I go on with my bulletin of the Archaeological Institute?—Concerning the famous Greek *Capo d'Opera* at Naples, the Psyche of Praxiteles, M. Wolff asserts that it is neither Greek, nor *Capo d'Opera*, nor Psyche, nor Praxiteles. He admits it of a grandiose style, but, from the manipulation of the hair, ears, and whole mask, and a want of firm design, judges it rather an imitation,—much injured, too, by accident, and more by repairs. Professor Millingen himself gives it up as a Psyche, there being not even a rudiment of wings. M. Wolff seems rather to conjecture it a Venus, from its resemblance to that of Melos especially, in all but the head. What a rage we have for affiliating this and the other founding of sculpture upon Greece and Praxiteles! while the fact is, that out of the many thousand Vatican marbles not twenty can be laid to the former, not one to the latter, or to any sculptor of his rank. Michael Angelo and Raffael are little better off; scarce a marble abortion, or fright of a Holy Family, in any little pelting Italian village, but is sworn upon one or the other. A detailed and augmented account of the sculptures noted in some of my last as found near the Parthenon by M. Pittakys, are still remaining on the temple itself. They amount to several. You will think it odd, but the greatest barbarians in Greece are *English*: the most selfish, remorseless, and savagely acquisitive; they will spoil a statue for sake the of a *show-bit*, dilapidate a temple which the very Turks respected. At the "glorious epoch of Navarino," M. Pittakys had to bury some of the marbles, and render others inaccessible, to secure them from the *savours* of Greece! Ugh! how the gorge rises at this picture of rapaciousness.

Well—*Excavations at Pompeii*: productive, as usual, of numberless antiquarian toys, in bronze, marble, terra cotta, gold, iron, bone, but few works of rare interest or merit. Some good paintings, and a beautiful mosaic fountain.

Egyptian Obelisks at Rome.—Sig. Rosellini, the hieroglyphist, has undertaken a most important task, bequeathed him by his colleague, Champollion, that of deciphering these obelisks. We

shall thus, at length, find whether among Roman monoliths exists that of which the Alexandrines left us the translation taken from it by Hermapion. The decipherment will be at the expense of the State Calceographia, on tables designed and engraved by Mariani, corrected by Champollion. We shall probably also be able to come at the date of these monuments; one, that on the Monte Citorio, is supposed to be as old as Sesostris, nearly 3000 years. Apropos: I could never conceive the mighty wonder of pyramids and obelisks attaining this age. What is a pyramid but a pinnacle of stones? and who stands amazed at a hillock, though perhaps as old as the sun itself? Why should a pyramid tumble more than any peak of rocks in the mountains beside it? And to take it to pieces would be as troublesome as to build it. An obelisk is a sort of pyramid, less secure indeed by the smallness of its base, but more by the singleness of its member, which prevents dilapidation; and at all events, if it exist one thousand years, why not as well (common care being taken of it) ten thousand? All the natural shocks, from wind, thunder, &c., it is heir to, will, at a given place, have tried their force on it within a century or so, and if it sustain these without damage, some miraculous outrage alone (unless we set to with hammers ourselves, like Goths or geologists), can destroy it for thousands of years. What, for instance, is to prevent the obelisk of Monte Citorio from standing till the year of the world 20,000? or the pyramid of Cheops till A. D. 1,000,000, if earth last so long? And even supposing the obelisk thrown down, it would break into two or three large fragments, and scarce lose a chip of its personal identity, being too difficult, from the hardness of its material, even upon the ground, for the hand of ignorance or avarice to annihilate. Lions, sphinxes, statues, again, of porphyry, granite, basalt, there is no wonder, that I can see, about their existing as long as a cliff or rock of Syena, losing, like it, now and then, but a corner by accident. Winckelman remarks of that very obelisk, the oldest in Rome, how sharp and perfect is the outline of its sculptures. More apropos to my subject, however, the two Lions you must have observed at the fountain of *Acqua Felice*, so renowned for their execution, come out from their hieroglyphics as contemporaries of King Nectanebus, thirtieth dynasty, or about 350 years A. C. They are the last known works of art under the Pharaohs.

Theatre of Segesta.—The Duke of Serra di Falco reports that this interesting monument is completely laid open to view; that it exhibits nearly the whole *cavea* well preserved, and divided into several *cunei*, with six ascents. The entire height comprehends thirty seats, divided by one precinct alone, rising behind the nineteenth grade, which is furnished with a *back*, his Grace says, unique in such edifices. The angles of the proscenium were, it appears, decorated with satyrs cut in the stone; and the Scene with Doric and Ionic columns, left unfinished,—a circumstance which would indicate that time of national disaster never surmounted by the Egéstans. It is pleasing to see a nobleman of high rank devote his time to liberal researches, like the Duke of Serra di Falco to antiquities, his Sicilian Grace moreover having published a memoir on Selinuntum, and promised another on Segesta.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

SOME of the periodicals of the month are before us. The *Foreign Quarterly Review* is a good number, and, from the nature of its contents, will be generally interesting: we have articles on Madame de Staël—the present school of Architecture in Germany, a country of which the arts, no less than the literature, are day by day

more and more rising into notice—a valuable paper on Central Asia—an interesting Catalogue raisonné of Goethe's posthumous works, and many other treatises (the proper word) which invite perusal.—*Fraser* is highly spiced and sparkling as usual; his French and Latin versions of Moore are so happy, that we must beg him to furnish us with a Polyglott Songster without delay: fancy a Latin version of Haynes Bayly's 'This is my eldest daughter, Sir!' The Ettrick Shepherd has fallen under bitter censure: these buildings-up and pullings-down are strange and curious, as illustrative of literary life in the nineteenth century.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* is pleasantly antique, and contrives to make new books seem old, by reviewing them some three or six months after its contemporaries—sometimes concentrating the honey, sometimes the wormwood of criticisms; and yet, after all, as the old woman said of White, of Selborne, "with not much harm in it."—The *Dublin University Magazine* is various in its contents, but, for once, a heavy number; and in choosing to crown itself with the title of *Dea*, has fallen into a poor imitation of a worn-out conceit.—The first number of the *Analyst* is worthy of remark, as being the commencement of a periodical for the use of, and to be principally written by persons resident in the Midland Counties. We have often stated our conviction, that a Magazine with a decided purpose and character of its own would succeed; let the editor take this counsel to heart, and remember, that he is to be the representative of the midland districts.—We have also before us the July number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, containing an interesting analysis of St.-Beuve's new novel, and some *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, by George Sand, (Madame Dudevant being pertinacious in her adherence to male attire,) which are fanciful and not uninteresting.—But among things not to be passed by in silence, are the plates, 'Capt. Ross and his Keeper,' and 'Red Grouse,' to the *New Sporting Magazine*. We have often had occasion to notice the great beauty of the illustrations to this work—but those of the present number seem unrivalled even by their predecessors.

The sum of seven thousand six hundred pounds, the surplus profits of the Grand Abbey meeting, has been equally divided among the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund, the Choral Society, and the Royal Academy of Music. The expenses, it appears, have swallowed up two-thirds of the receipts.

A recent addition to the number of the members of the Philharmonic Society, has recalled to us by contrast, the circumstance of the black-balling of Moscheles. Have the electors any standard for admission or not? or do matters go by *démérité*? These things require revision.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Our reports of the sittings of the Paris Academy of Sciences have been somewhat retarded by the illness of the gentleman who usually furnishes them; but, in truth, the sittings of the month of May afforded nothing interesting, until a dispute arose between Messrs. Poisson and Poinot, concerning the respective merits of the Analytic and Synthetic methods. This dispute, which we can scarcely render clear to our readers, from its abstruseness, has been carried on with the greatest warmth for several successive meetings, almost filling up the void of parliamentary strife, that the dissolution of the Chambers interrupted.

It was in the sitting of the 20th of May, that M. Poinot commenced reading his Memoir, a 'New Theory of the Rotation of Bodies,' in which new views are presented, most interest-

ing to the study of physics. Having arrived at these by a direct consideration of the nature of rotation, M. Poinsoot launched, on the first day, into praise of this mode of discovery, and spoke, at the same time, in terms rather slightly of the analytic and algebraic modes of examining a question or seeking a solution. He spoke of this as a useful instrument when directed by intelligence, but most likely to mislead, when it was allowed itself to guide and to lead.

M. Poisson, an academicien of the analytic school, took fire at these reflections, and came down the next week with a refutation: M. Poinsoot rejoined, and instanced the mistake of D'Alembert, who, seeking to solve the question of the precession of the equinoxes, without taking into account the fact of the earth's rotation, went astray, and had his labour for nothing, an example of errors one is liable to, in following too blindly the analytic method. M. Poisson, unfortunately for his side of the argument, accepted the challenge on this ground, and sought to establish subsequently, that the course followed by D'Alembert ought to have led to true and satisfactory discovery. On this position there ensued point blank contradiction between the learned academicians, and divers allusions to one another, such as in a certain honourable house would have called for the interference of the Speaker; but, upon the whole, the synthetic method seemed to have the best of the argument, although M. Libri, the Florentine geometer, joined his anger and argument to those of M. Poisson. The most fierce part of the dispute took place in the sitting of the 9th of June.

On the 26th of May, M. Pelouze made a communication respecting *hydrocyanic ather*, of which he had made the discovery.

On the same day, M. Moreau de Jonnes reported that two persons claimed the merit of finding the means to preserve fish and leeches during a long transport, by putting powdered charcoal in the water containing them. On this subject, M. Moreau observed, that in 1817, being employed on the staff of the Marine, he proposed introducing into the French colonies of America the *gourami*, a fish that the negroes of the Isle of Bourbon eat in abundance. It had been originally brought to Bourbon from Java, by M. Poivre, and it had come to Java from Japan. The voyage being long, M. Moreau was obliged to take precautions in order to preserve the fish alive: he carbonized the inside of ten barrels, and added powdered charcoal to the water, to prevent its putrefaction. The fish arrived alive at Guyana and Martinique. M. Moreau remarked on the peculiar advantages of this discovery at a time when the commerce in leeches was increasing so rapidly: in 1817 the estimated value of the leeches imported into France, amounted to 177 francs, or about 7l. sterling; in 1832 it reached 1,724,610 francs, or nearly 70,000l. sterling.

On the 4th of June, M. Bequerel read a note on the 'Chemical changes produced in bodies by separating or disaggregating them mechanically.' He enumerated a great variety of cases, in which trituration in a mortar produces chemical change: thus, glass pounded in a mortar of agate turns syrup of violets green; small or slender masses of limestone, infused in syrup of red cabbage, turns it green, which proves that carbonate of lime can act upon vegetable colours like an alkali, without being dissolved in water, by the aid of the carbonic acid of the air. These experiments are considered by M. Bequerel most interesting to geology, as applied to the decomposition of certain rocks, and as showing how they cede their alkali to vegetation.

The rest of these sittings, as well as almost all that of the 9th, were occupied by the controversy between Messrs. Poisson and Poinsoot.

Sitting of June 16th.—M. Thilorier presented for inspection a machine for obtaining chemically, and in a short time, a quart of carbonic acid: the memoir presented a variety of experiments upon this almost intangible liquid, since it can only be procured in vessels hermetically sealed. M. T. announces, that in gases the pressures, at different degrees of temperature, do not correspond to the densities, as is generally believed. Liquid carbonic acid, says M. T., is, of all bodies, that which dilates and contracts itself the most under the influence of atmospheric variations of temperature. Its enormous power of dilatation points it out as a new principle of movement far more powerful than any hitherto applied. Can one imagine the force or number of horses that would be represented by a metallic rod a metre square, (about 3 ft. 3 in.) dilating at the rate of a metre per second? And yet this is the force produced by thirty quarts of the liquefied gas, with an expense of heat forty times less than that required to vaporize a quart of water. It is also the liquid that produces the greatest depression of temperature. Directing a jet of it on the ball of a thermometer of spirits of wine, it reduced it to 75° below zero, the greatest depression heretofore observed being 68°. M. T. intends to apply this liquid to the air-gun.

The sitting of the 23rd June presented little interest. M. Cavailler observed that animal charcoal was much more powerful than vegetable in rendering water fit to preserve fish and leeches for a long period. A long list was read of premiums offered on different subjects by the Scientific Society of Haarlem. A report was read on a memoir relative to new experiments upon pictures, and upon the resistance of different media to the penetration of projectiles.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

GRISI has again appeared as *Amina*, in 'La Sonnambula,' with great success, (it is much to say this, with the remembrance of Malibran in the character fresh before us,) and, as the season is now near its close, she has appeared in the last new part she will sustain till she return to us. We may probably have a few words to say on parting with one who has gained herself so brilliant a reputation among us in so short a time. The sweetness of some of the melodies of Bellini's opera, makes us rejoice in the tidings we have heard, that their composer is studying the resources of his art in Paris with assiduity. Should the report be true, we shall expect much from his future labours.

It would seem as if our opinion of the merits of 'L'Assedio di Corinto' was beginning to be universally adopted—the opera grows in favour with the public, and bears a second and third hearing with advantage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We wish that we could work ourselves up into the comfortable vanity of imagining that our remarks upon the comparative importance of the flute and violin had taken any effect. Certain it is that we have no music for the former instrument to complain of on the present occasion; compositions for the latter, and wise-looking theoretical works, being the chief of what we are here called upon to examine.

First, we come to 'Hamilton's Catechism on the Rudiments of Harmony and Thorough Bass,' a serviceable book so far as it goes, and founded upon the intelligent and comprehensive system of Reicha. It may inspire some with an inclination to enter upon the study of harmony—but those who wish to become fully acquainted with that beautiful science must betake themselves to some of the more elaborate treatises upon the subject, under the guidance of a sound and able master. We have, however, seen no work for

beginners preferable to it. We cannot say so much for Mr. Shea's 'Explanation of the different Characters that are used in Music, for Beginners on the Piano-forte'; it contains nothing new in matter or arrangement, and only adds to the too mighty mass of instruction books, without giving us anything to account for its appearance.

Much better of its kind is 'Hack's New and Original Instructions for the Violin'—the tyro (to go back to the days of pupils in cocked hats and knee-breeches,) is not only taught how to play upon his instrument, but also how to keep it in good working order; the vocabulary of elemental terms it contains is comprehensive and new, and the information throughout the book is conveyed in simple and intelligible language.

Mr. Garnham addresses those farther advanced, by his 'Practical Rules for producing Harmonic Notes on the Violin, with a theoretical explanation of the manner in which Musical Notes, natural and harmonic, are produced by vibrating strings.' This is the work of an amateur, who states that he never heard Paganini; but, that with the assistance of a mathematical friend, he had constructed a table by which those beautiful effects, introduced to us by that wonderful artist, may be traced to unerring principles. These clear, glassy sounds, when judiciously employed, are delightful; but it requires the taste and talent of a Paganini to use them with discretion; and his legion of imitators bid fair to bring them into contempt, by over-familiarity and imperfect performance. We strongly recommend Mr. Garnham's treatise to all who take interest in the subject.

Among the very best of elementary works on the subject, we have ever met with, we should be disposed to number this unassuming little book, 'Advice to a Nobleman on the manner in which his Children should be instructed on the Piano-forte, &c. &c.,' which, we are happy to see, has reached a fourth edition. These hints contain much more valuable and sound instruction than is often to be found in more ambitious works; and one of the many hours wasted in unprofitable lessons—mechanical to the master, and wearisome to the pupil—might be applied to their study with good profit. We should like to see an equally sensible and compendious manual of advice upon singing.

Practice naturally succeeds to theory, and Messrs. Ghys and Eliason here present the violinist with studies sufficient to employ him fully. The former gives us a 'Thème Original et Variations, précédé d'un Adagio, avec accompagnement de Piano,' and in it affords another proof how brilliant execution may throw a sort of halo round inferior music. We thought little of this composition when we heard it, but on looking over it we find it even more insipid and *maniéré* than we expected.—De Beriot and water. Mr. Eliason's 'Six Capriccios, to which is added, a Farewell Capriccio by Nicolo Paganini,' are much better, and are good studies for the modern style of violin playing. No. 6 is an agreeable reminiscence of one of Paganini's Rondos, interwoven with some elegant and appropriate passages of the author's own composition.

'The Guitarist's Catechism,' by W. N. James, is curious—as fifty-four out of fifty-eight pages contain no mention whatsoever of the instrument, being merely the rudiments of music set forth in question and answer; it is altogether poor.

And now, after all this instrumental music, many of our readers will like to have their ears refreshed with a little singing. Here are two glees for them to choose between: Mr. Cooke's 'Strike, strike the lyre,' (for alto, two tenors, and bass); and Mr. Clifton's more serious 'Twos in the dark and dismal hour.' Mr. Cooke has, of course, much experience in what is effective and likely to be popular, and has more in him than opportunities and circumstances have ever brought out; but his works, particularly the

present one, will not bear comparison with genuine classical productions. Mr. Clifton's composition is more to our taste—it is full of truth of expression, and science without stiffness; the effect of the last movement must be good when well sung. This composer does not attempt impossibilities, and rarely, therefore, fails to give us pleasure.

We have many songs, &c. to report upon—but shall be as good as our word, in only selecting the best; none of them come up to our idea of what an English song ought to be. We have four compositions (two of them nocturnos for two voices) by Mr. E. Neilson, 'Gather ye Rosebuds,' 'O the Voice of Woman's Love,' 'The dark Tides of Time,' (duet), and 'The Sleepers,' (duet). All these are elegant and pleasing, but rely too much on the singer for the effect to be produced; whereas, he or she ought to rely on the composer for materials with which to delight the ears and hearts of audiences. We have also, 'The Rich and the Poor,' by Beethoven, characteristic and effective; and Mr. Osborne's 'Fisherman's Return,' and Mr. Ella's 'Welcome Flower,' in both of which the composers have shown musical skill, but might have been more original in melody; and, lastly, for the little folks, we have a 'Juvenile Musical Library,' with the incomparable, though somewhat interminable, ballad of 'John Gilpin,' set to a tune that every child may catch, and made even droller than it is by illustrations from the pencil of Cruikshank.

MISCELLANEA

Electrical Phenomena.—From a correspondent in Liverpool, who has for some time been engaged in making observations on the electrical state of the atmosphere, we have received an interesting account of some phenomena, noticed by him on the day preceding the violent thunder-storm, which took place yesterday fortnight (July 18th). His paper is in rather too abstract a form, to be exactly suited to our columns, but we shall endeavour in a few words to give an idea of the nature of its contents. The instrument he employs is a slender oaken staff, erected like a lightning conductor, except that instead of terminating in a single point, numerous wires diverge like radii from its upper extremity towards the points of the compass. The electricity thus attracted from the atmosphere, is led down by means of a wire twisted spirally round the staff, and directed on a delicate magnetic needle, suspended below in a glass bottle, by means of a gold thread. The necessary measures are taken to secure insulation. When there is no electricity in the atmosphere, (which is rarely the case,) the needle remains in the magnetic meridian, pointing to the north; but, if the air be positively electrified, the needle will deflect towards the east, if negatively, towards the west. The amount and sudden variations of these deflections, constitute the singular part of the observations. The morning of July 17th broke heavy and misty—thermometer ascending gradually from 60° at 7 A.M. to 73° at 11 A.M.; it then fell a little, but was 73° again at 2 P.M., from which it slowly and gradually declined to 62° at 10 P.M. The needle of the electrometer commenced at 7 A.M. 28° west of its true position, but at 10 A.M., without any apparent reason, except that it had been taken down and cleaned, it slowly deflected to 45° east. We must say, that this causes us to fear some latent grounds of inaccuracy in the instrument. The divergence east, increased to 65° at noon, but at 1 P.M. the day brightening, and the sun coming out a little, the needle within one hour wheeled about no less than 102°, and stood at 37° west. Clouds coming on again at half-past 2 P.M., the electricity appears again to have become positive, the needle varying 38° in half an hour, and standing at 24° east. This character continued for the rest of the afternoon, the air appearing pecu-

liarily close and oppressive, when the quantity of positive electricity was greatest. It was not, however, under these circumstances, nor until the needle, which had been at 66° and 55° east, had fallen to 20° east, (10 P.M.), that lightning commenced. This continued all night, and at about 3 A.M., the following morning came on the severe thunder-storm of the 18th, which lasted eleven hours, and which our correspondent concludes, to have been connected with the above singular variations in the electric state of the atmosphere.

Roman Marble Quarries in Africa.—We find a notice in *Le Bulletin de la Société Géologique de France*, of the ancient marble quarries in Africa, wrought by the Romans, and discovered by M. Jules Texier. It appears, that from the nature of the rocks which form the base of the mountains in the environs of Bona, M. Texier resolved to traverse the mountains of L'Edough, and the hills of Fort Genois, and Cape Raz-el-Amrah. Guided in this last place by information from the Moors, he discovered at last the object of his search. The quarries are three in number; the first, which is situated at the foot of a hill, on the edge of a not very deep ravine, is of limestone, and covers a space of many hundreds of toises. These stones were employed by Hypporegus for the construction of walls of inclosure, and foundations. All the other monuments, of which some shapeless ruins are still existing, are of rubbish, with a triple facing of bricks. The two other quarries, situated on the summit of the hill, are of white marble, with veins of pale grey: the grain rather coarse. Blocks of perfectly white marble may be found among them, without difficulty. In the latter may be discovered traces of columns scarcely marked out, and blocks, in which wedges to detach them from the mass are still buried.

Mode of making Sheet Lead in China.—The Chinese, in manufacturing the thin sheet lead in which their teas are imported into this country, conduct the operation in an exceedingly simple manner. The laminae are not rolled, as from their extreme thinness might be supposed; nor even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate; but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed: one of them is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone-stand at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible containing the melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the moveable stone, and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed; the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are afterwards soldered together for use. Mr. Waddell, a Scotchman, who witnessed the operation in China, applied a similar method, with great success, in the formation of thin plates of zinc for galvanic purposes.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

The King Penguin.—Mr. G. Bennett read a note at the Zoological Society, on the habits of this bird, as observed by him on various occasions when in high southern latitudes. He described particularly a colony of these birds, which covers an extent of thirty or forty acres, at the north end of Macquarrie Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The number of Penguins collected together in this spot is immense, but it would be almost impossible to guess at it with any near approach to truth, as, during the whole of the day and night, 30,000 or 40,000 of them are continually landing, and an equal number going to sea. They are arranged, when on shore, in as compact a manner and in as regular

ranks as a regiment of soldiers; and are classed with the greatest order, the young birds being in one situation, the moulting birds in another, the sitting hens in a third, the clean birds in a fourth, &c.; and so strictly do birds in similar condition congregate, that should a bird that is moulting intrude itself among those which are clean, it is immediately ejected from among them. The females hatch the eggs by keeping them close between their thighs; and, if approached during the time of incubation, move away, carrying the eggs with them. At this time the male bird goes to sea and collects food for the female, which becomes very fat. After the young is hatched, both parents go to sea, and bring home food for it; it soon becomes so fat as scarcely to be able to walk, the old birds getting very thin. They sit quite upright in their roosting-places, and walk in the erect position until they arrive at the beach, when they throw themselves on their breasts, in order to encounter the very heavy sea met with at their landing-place. Although the appearance of Penguins generally indicates the neighbourhood of land, Mr. G. Bennett cited several instances of their occurrence at a considerable distance from any known land."

At Essone, in the Seine and Oise, a discovery has lately been made of an ancient Gallic ossuary, 27 feet long by 7 broad, and 6 deep. It was covered with large calcareous unwhewn stones. Two layers of skeletons, separated by a bed of long flat stones, filled up this ossuary. In the midst of these skeletons, the number of which amounted to 64, bones of animals were found as well as cut flints, which were no doubt used as ornaments, and a vase moulded by the hand, of a rude form and brown colour. It was near this place, which is called Herubé, that the Dolmen of Essone is situated, which M. Cassan has described in his statistics of the arrondissement of Nantes.—*The Times*.

Theory of the Teeth.—In a curious Arabic work, ascribed to Belinus, probably a corruption of Apollonius, we find the following question and answer—"Why have animals the teeth in the mouth? It is the effect of heat. Teeth are a species of vegetable; they derive their origin from the substance of the bone; the bones being coagulated by the fiery principle, and having acquired form and consistency, a part of the substance destined to their support remains superfluous. This substance is of the same nature as the bones, but when they are complete, it cannot be used for its original destinations. Heat continuing to act upon it, it rises to avoid this influence; and, having reached the mouth, it buds forth; the substance becomes hardened by exposure to the air, and thus the teeth are formed."

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Just published.—The Angler in Wales, by Capt. Medwin, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—McCulloch's Manual of English Grammar, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Somnambulism; the Case of Jane C. Rider, by Dr. W. Helden, 18mo. 2s.—Keyworth's Juvenile Philosopher, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Herschell's Brief Sketch of the Jews, 18mo. 2s.—Rev. R. C. Burton's Sermons, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Judge Not; a Poem on Christian Charity, by E. Peel, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Four Gospels in one continued Narrative, by the Rev. C. Currey, 4to. 12s. 6d.—Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of John Armstrong, by Francis Beott, Vol. 2, royal 8vo. 14s.—The Book of Domestic Duties, forming Vol. 2 of Kidd's Miniature Library, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Banks of Jordan, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Public Record Commission; Hunter's Rotuli Selecti, royal 8vo. 20s.—Memorials of the Rev. W. Lowrie Lander, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Church and Home Melodies, by the Rev. T. J. Judkin, M.A. 24mo. 5s.—Portions of Information, or, the English Constitution, 12mo. 5s.—Dean Burrows's Twelve Discourses on the Liturgy, 8vo. 8s.—Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, 8vo. 60s.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. 57, Southey's Naval History, Vol. 3, 6s.—A Journey up the Rhine, fc. 5s. 6d.—Poems, chiefly Religious, by the Rev. J. F. Lyte, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Autobiography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay, 12mo. 6s.—Historical Illustrations of Byron, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Cruikshank's Sketch-Book, Part V. 2s.—Romance of History, Italy, Vol. 1, 6s.—The Economical Cook, 1s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. 8, Butler's Analogy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR 1834,
KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,
AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.					
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.				
JANUARY	W 1	29.850	46.7	29.906	48.0	33	39.7	43.3	38.3	43.3	.027	WNW	Cloudless—haze.
	T 2	30.251	44.9	30.366	45.5	32	38.2	40.7	36.8	42.7		NNW	Cloudless—light haze and wind.
	F 3	30.081	44.4	29.915	46.5	40	44.1	49.3	35.3	49.7		SW	Overcast—light rain and fog.
	S 4	30.010	48.7	30.150	48.6	45	49.2	45.0	43.5	49.2		WNW	Fair—light clouds and haze.
	⊙ 5	30.058	48.3	30.012	51.1	43	47.3	49.0	41.4	49.0		WNW	Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Light fog. P.M. Light wind.
	M 6	29.814	48.9	29.642	50.2	42	46.8	48.5	45.4	48.5		SSW	Dark and overcast.—Rain at night.
	T 7	29.574	47.8	29.629	48.4	38	42.7	45.0	39.6	45.0		WSW	A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	W 8	29.210	48.3	29.237	49.6	44	45.2	46.9	40.7	46.9	.025	ESE	Overcast.—A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Light rain.
	● T 9	29.395	48.4	29.309	48.2	40	42.2	43.2	41.3	43.6	.008	E	A.M. Fog and deposition. P.M. Overcast. Night, rain.
	F 10	29.102	48.3	29.164	49.7	43	42.9	44.4	40.7	45.4		S	⊙ A.M. Drizzling rain. P.M. Fine and clear—light wind and clouds. Evening, rain.
	S 11	29.410	49.5	29.427	51.0	45	45.4	48.5	42.2	49.2		S	Overcast.—At 2½ p.m. heavy rain with hail.
	⊙ 12	29.120	50.8	29.067	52.0	48	48.7	49.8	44.8	49.8	.050	SSE	Overcast—light drizzling rain.
	M 13	29.635	49.7	29.677	52.5	47	47.7	51.4	42.8	51.4	.006	S	Overcast.—Rain, a.m. At night, strong, unsteady wind.
	T 14	29.663	51.7	29.627	53.3	45	47.9	50.5	47.2	50.5		SSE	⊙ A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fair—light clouds and wind. Evening, clear.
	W 15	29.318	51.3	29.641	52.9	47	47.7	47.6	41.6	48.3	.033	SSE	⊙ A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fine and cloudless. At night, strong, unsteady wind.
	T 16	29.609	51.6	29.639	55.2	47	48.4	52.5	43.7	52.7	.011	SSW	⊙ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light haze and deposition. P.M. Light clouds and wind.
	F 17	29.419	55.8	29.355	56.7	52	52.7	51.0	47.7	52.3	.025	SW	A.M. Boisterous wind, with light rain. P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy.
	S 18	29.563	52.9	29.691	53.7	43	45.3	48.8	44.2	48.8	.022	WSW	⊙ A.M. Fine and cloudless. Noon, hail-storm. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 19	29.687	51.8	29.574	52.3	41	43.7	45.9	41.4	48.4	.028	WSW	⊙ Lightly overcast.—A.M. Light fog, and deposition. Evening, light shower.
	M 20	29.980	49.3	30.035	51.4	38	39.8	47.0	37.8	47.7	.006	WSW	Fair.—A.M. Cloudless—light haze. P.M. Lightly overcast.
	T 21	29.941	51.8	29.867	53.3	48	48.7	52.0	39.3	52.0		WSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.
	W 22	29.645	54.3	29.694	54.3	50	51.2	50.5	48.3	52.3		SSW	⊙ Light rain from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.—A.M. Light unsteady wind. P.M. Fair—calm—overcast.
	T 23	29.792	54.6	29.833	55.7	52	52.8	55.2	44.6	55.2	.061	W var.	Overcast.—Light rain, a.m.
	F 24	29.999	57.3	29.870	58.3	53	54.6	55.7	52.8	55.2	.011	WSW	Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Clear. P.M. Overcast.
	⊙ S 25	30.136	56.3	30.196	57.0	48	48.9	49.7	47.7	50.7		NW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—haze. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 26	29.878	56.3	29.879	57.3	51	51.6	54.8	45.3	54.8	.004	SW	Overcast—light unsteady airs.
	M 27	29.870	55.2	29.816	55.3	48	48.5	52.2	48.3	52.3	.006	NW	Light fog.—Rain, early a.m.
	T 28	29.877	56.3	29.311	57.6	52	52.9	51.7	47.9	54.7	.005	SW	Overcast—deposition.—Light rain at 2 p.m.
	W 29	30.234	46.6	30.344	46.7	26	34.6	38.3	34.1	38.3	.017	N	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
	T 30	30.333	44.9	30.238	47.7	29	36.8	43.3	32.5	44.8		WSW	Overcast—light haze.
	F 31	30.138	48.3	30.134	50.7	42	44.8	46.8	35.9	47.7		SSE	A.M. Overcast—deposition and light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
MEANS..	29.761	50.7	29.750	52.0	43.6	46.2	48.3	42.5	49.0	Sum. .345	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.701 29.686		
FEBRUARY	S 1	30.170	46.2	30.122	47.9	33	39.2	42.2	36.8	44.3		ESE	A.M. Overcast—light haze. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 2	29.995	42.5	29.916	44.6	33	35.2	39.8	32.0	43.2		E	Lightly cloudy.—Fine, p.m.
	M 3	30.015	43.8	29.992	46.6	40	41.1	46.7	34.3	46.7		SE	Very fine and cloudless—light haze.—Deposition, a.m.
	T 4	29.871	45.3	29.826	47.7	39	41.7	47.2	38.4	47.2		ESE	Lightly cloudy—light haze.
	W 5	29.854	46.8	29.816	49.7	43	43.4	49.2	39.7	49.7		SSE	⊙ A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. P.M. Lightly overcast. Night, light rain.
	T 6	30.024	47.2	30.038	49.7	40	40.9	46.2	38.8	46.7		WSW	Fine and cloudless—light haze.—Deposition, a.m.
	F 7	30.142	45.4	30.147	46.4	37	37.4	40.6	34.8	40.6		SW	A.M. Strong haze. P.M. Lightly cloudy. Night, strong fog.
	● S 8	30.152	42.4	30.144	43.6	31	33.2	39.8	31.0	39.8		ESE	Strong haze.
	⊙ 9	30.305	41.3	30.388	42.4	34	34.4	38.7	31.4	38.7		SSE	A.M. Fog and light deposition. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	M 10	30.388	40.3	30.334	43.4	30	34.7	40.8	30.2	42.6		SSW	Lightly cloudy.
	T 11	30.110	43.6	30.080	45.4	34	43.7	45.3	33.6	45.3		SSW	⊙ A.M. Very light rain—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds and haze.
	W 12	29.636	45.6	29.715	47.4	42	44.3	44.8	38.1	45.7		SE	A.M. Light continued rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	T 13	30.020	42.7	30.107	45.6	34	37.2	44.3	33.7	44.7		WSW	Fair—lightly cloudy—haze.—Light hoar frost, a.m.
	F 14	30.302	43.7	30.288	46.4	35	39.8	45.7	36.1	45.7		NNW	Morning and evening hazy. Noon, fine. Night, light rain.
	S 15	30.288	45.4	30.275	46.7	40	42.1	45.0	38.7	45.0		W	A.M. Fog—light deposition. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	⊙ 16	30.400	42.8	30.369	45.3	32	37.6	42.3	34.8	42.7		NNE	⊙ A.M. Fair—light clouds and haze. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
	M 17	30.289	40.3	30.235	44.0	30	32.3	42.6	29.3	43.2		SSW	Fine and cloudless—haze.—Hoar frost, a.m.
	T 18	30.156	44.7	30.103	46.4	43	44.2	46.8	31.4	46.8		SW	Overcast—hazy.
	W 19	29.962	47.2	29.946	49.8	41	46.3	50.6	43.3	50.7		WSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast—light haze.
	T 20	30.185	47.8	30.136	50.7	42	42.7	48.3	40.5	49.2		WSW	A.M. Hazy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 21	30.075	48.7	30.185	50.3	39	43.8	47.3	41.5	47.3		NNW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—haze. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	S 22	30.403	45.6	30.396	48.7	38	38.4	46.3	34.3	46.7		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—haze. P.M. Light clouds.
	⊙ 23	30.283	48.8	30.226	51.4	44	46.8	51.2	37.2	51.7		SSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.
	M 24	30.114	49.8	30.045	52.6	47	48.8	53.4	46.2	54.2		SSW	⊙ Lightly cloudy and overcast.—A.M. Light wind. P.M. Light haze.
	T 25	30.472	48.6	30.487	50.9	35	41.3	48.0	38.5	48.0		WSW	Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Hazy. P.M. Clear.
	W 26	30.448	46.7	30.324	50.3	41	42.7	49.7	34.8	49.7		SSW	A.M. Overcast—light wind and haze. P.M. Clear and cloudless.
	T 27	30.150	49.3	30.138	52.3	47	48.6	53.8	40.2	54.7		SSW	Overcast.
	F 28	30.157	52.9	30.394	52.3	53	53.2	46.3	47.8	53.2		WSW	Fog and light rain.
MEANS..	30.156	45.6	30.149	47.8	38.5	41.2	45.8	36.7	46.6	*	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 30.115 30.102		

* The Rain Gauge is, in every state of the weather, invariably examined every morning at 9 o'clock, and the result set down in the appropriate column; while, on the other hand, any sensible exhibition of rain is equally noticed under the Remarks on the Weather in the last column, independently of any reference to the indications of the Gauge. During the present month, the amount of rain appears to have been too small to become appreciable in the Rain Gauge employed.—J.H.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL—continued.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL													
1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.					
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.				
MARCH	S 1	30.468	51.7	30.414	54.2	50	50.0	54.6	44.3	54.7		S	Deposition—light clouds and fog.
	⊙ 2	30.310	53.3	30.305	56.4	48	50.3	55.3	47.7	55.3		SSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.
	M 3	30.406	51.3	30.337	54.1	46	46.2	52.7	43.3	52.8		SE	Overcast—light fog.
	T 4	30.160	53.3	30.063	55.7	46	49.3	50.0	44.7	55.6		SSW	A.M. Fine and clear. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	W 5	29.780	54.7	29.748	56.2	53	53.3	55.0	48.7	55.0		SSW	Lowering—light brisk wind.—At night, high wind.
	T 6	29.994	52.8	30.041	55.2	43	45.2	52.7	40.7	52.7		W	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
	F 7	30.209	53.6	30.229	56.3	47	49.4	55.2	41.3	57.1		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light breeze. P.M. Light clouds.
	S 8	30.328	53.9	30.303	57.4	49	50.4	57.6	44.8	57.8		WSW	Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 9	30.485	54.6	30.464	57.3	49	50.7	56.5	46.2	57.2		WSW	Fine and clear—light clouds.
	M 10	30.369	53.3	30.330	56.4	47	47.8	56.4	43.3	56.7		W	Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	T 11	30.477	53.2	30.414	54.9	42	47.4	53.2	45.3	53.2		ENE	Hazy.—Light win ^d , p.m.
	W 12	30.536	51.8	30.482	54.9	43	45.2	51.6	40.7	51.6		ESE	Hazy.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Strong deposition.
	T 13	30.426	52.4	30.380	53.2	46	46.7	47.7	44.7	47.7		ESE	A.M. Light rain—fog. P.M. Hazy.
	F 14	30.386	48.7	30.380	51.6	35	41.8	50.5	35.7	50.5	.022	N	A.M. Cloudless—light haze. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
	S 15	30.542	48.7	30.507	51.3	38	44.5	50.0	40.8	50.0		N	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 16	30.547	46.7	30.475	49.5	38	40.8	49.5	36.3	49.7		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Light clouds and wind.
	M 17	30.485	47.6	30.483	48.4	43	44.0	46.0	39.8	46.0		NNE	Light haze.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Hazy—light wind.
	T 18	30.562	45.3	30.542	47.4	29	40.3	43.6	37.3	43.8		ESE	A.M. Overcast and Hazy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	W 19	30.561	42.2	30.509	46.5	36	37.8	44.3	30.8	44.3		E	{ Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Nearly cloudless—haze.
	T 20	30.476	44.2	30.434	46.8	36	41.7	45.5	36.3	46.5		NNE	Lightly overcast.—A.M. Hazy. P.M. Light wind.
	F 21	30.427	43.8	30.360	46.0	33	40.6	43.7	35.1	43.7		NE	Overcast—haze.
	S 22	30.202	46.3	30.095	50.0	33	43.7	50.9	39.6	51.6		WSW	Fine—lightly cloudy.—Evening, light rain.
	⊙ 23	30.019	47.9	29.830	51.7	40	41.8	51.8	36.8	53.4	.017	W	Lightly cloudy—light unsteady wind.
	M 24	29.786	50.2	29.808	51.3	38	48.7	48.0	44.3	48.7	.010	NNW	{ Light brisk wind.—A.M. Fine—cloudy. P.M. Lightly overcast.
	T 25	29.882	46.6	29.940	47.7	27	39.2	44.2	35.3	44.3	.021	NNW	{ Hail storm at 2½ h.
	W 26	30.188	43.7	30.162	46.7	29	37.8	45.2	30.7	45.2		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Light clouds. Evening, clear.
	T 27	30.116	46.8	30.043	50.3	39	45.4	55.0	36.8	55.0		W	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
	F 28	29.776	50.7	29.571	52.3	46	48.8	49.8	44.8	50.6	.008	SSW	Cloudy and overcast.—Evening, light rain.
	S 29	29.683	50.3	29.679	52.8	38	46.5	50.6	40.4	53.3	.006	SSW	Overcast—light showers and unsteady wind.
	⊙ 30	29.923	48.8	29.898	52.3	38	43.4	53.3	35.3	53.3		W	Fine and nearly cloudless—light breeze.—Clear, p.m.
	M 31	29.874	47.7	29.943	50.8	37	42.7	48.7	37.2	49.1	.222	NNW	{ Fine—light haze—light showers at intervals. A.M. Cloudless.
	MEANS ..	30.238	49.6	30.199	52.1	40.7	45.3	50.7	40.4	51.3	Sum. .306	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. { 9 A.M. 30.186 3 P.M. 30.139	
APRIL	T 1	30.116	48.2	30.188	51.7	38	43.8	51.8	35.8	51.8	.014	N	Fine—light clouds, haze, and wind.
	W 2	30.274	50.2	30.244	51.6	46	47.3	50.7	43.2	51.5		S	Overcast—light rain and fog.
	T 3	30.299	53.4	30.352	55.2	50	51.6	54.6	46.7	56.3		NNW	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 4	30.489	50.7	30.394	54.7	41	46.3	54.8	39.6	54.6		NNW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—haze. P.M. Light clouds.
	S 5	30.352	50.7	30.279	55.2	45	48.9	56.0	45.6	56.9		N	Fine—lightly cloudy.—Haze, a.m.
	⊙ 6	30.390	52.6	30.370	55.4	44	49.7	54.5	45.3	54.7		NNE	Lightly cloudy and hazy.
	M 7	30.355	52.7	30.279	55.3	42	48.0	56.4	40.2	56.8		SSW	Fine and cloudless—haze.—Calm, p.m.
	T 8	30.374	52.8	30.348	53.7	37	46.3	49.0	42.3	49.2		E	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	W 9	30.362	48.3	30.307	50.3	31	43.2	46.2	38.9	46.2		ENE	Light wind.—A.M. Overcast—light haze. P.M. Cloudy.
	T 10	30.305	47.2	30.237	49.8	31	42.6	46.5	32.6	47.6		N	Fine, and nearly cloudless—light wind.—Hail at 4 h. 22 m. p.m.
	F 11	30.200	46.3	30.134	49.0	33	42.0	44.3	32.3	45.4		N	Cloudy.—Light unsteady wind, a.m.; and hail and rain at 5 p.m.
	S 12	30.002	44.8	30.023	47.9	36	41.3	44.8	34.2	46.5		N	{ A.M. Clear—light clouds and wind. P.M. Hail and thunder storm at 3 o'clock.
	⊙ 13	30.233	46.5	30.242	48.6	37	44.4	46.3	34.2	47.3	.011	N	Light soft clouds.—Fine, a.m.
	M 14	30.382	45.7	30.358	48.2	36	44.7	49.5	33.2	49.5		E	Fine.—A.M. Light soft clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
	T 15	30.416	47.2	30.374	50.2	38	46.2	53.3	35.2	53.8		E	Fine.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
	W 16	30.360	48.8	30.307	51.6	41	46.9	52.4	37.3	52.7		ESE	A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and cloudless.
	T 17	30.268	48.5	30.204	52.4	43	46.7	55.2	38.2	55.3		NE	Fine and cloudless—haze and light wind.
	F 18	30.199	51.7	30.182	54.5	45	50.9	58.0	40.8	59.1		ENE	Fine—light wind.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Nearly cloudless.
	S 19	30.243	53.2	30.214	56.4	46	50.8	62.3	39.7	62.8		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light wind. P.M. Light clouds.
	⊙ 20	30.295	52.3	30.245	55.8	45	47.2	57.5	42.4	58.0		N	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine and clear.
	M 21	30.339	51.2	30.297	55.0	43	44.2	54.8	38.8	54.8		NE	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	T 22	30.313	51.3	30.227	54.7	40	47.2	55.9	37.7	56.7		N	Fair—light clouds and wind.
	W 23	30.224	53.7	30.220	56.3	44	49.7	54.3	41.0	54.3		N	Lightly overcast and cloudy.—Light haze and wind, a.m.
	⊙ 24	30.330	53.6	30.289	54.3	37	47.8	50.2	42.0	50.3		N	Lightly overcast and cloudy.
	F 25	30.164	50.3	30.128	53.6	37	44.6	52.5	37.0	52.6		W	Overcast—haze.
	S 26	30.091	53.3	30.004	56.3	35	48.7	54.2	40.2	57.2		E	Fine and clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 27	29.697	55.8	29.516	57.4	38	52.7	62.6	39.0	63.6		ESE	Clear and cloudless.—Evening, overcast.
	M 28	29.322	57.6	29.344	61.0	51	57.2	62.5	52.7	64.3		S	Lowering—light wind.—Light rain, early a.m.
	T 29	29.418	60.3	29.398	61.3	53	58.3	58.1	51.4	62.0		SSW	Overcast—slightly lowering.—Occasional light rain.
	W 30	29.519	59.3	29.582	61.3	53	54.4	58.0	52.3	58.7		WSW	Overcast—light fog.
	MEANS ..	30.178	51.3	30.143	54.0	41.2	47.8	53.6	40.3	54.4	Sum. .025	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. { 9 A.M. 30.120 3 P.M. 30.077	

OBSERVANDA.—Height of the Cistern of the Barometer above a fixed mark on Waterloo Bridge=83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the mean level of the Sea, (presumed about)=95 feet.—The External Thermometer is 2 feet higher than the Barometer Cistern.—Height of the Receiver of the Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House=79 feet.—The hours of observation are of Mean Time, the day beginning at Midnight.—The Thermometers are graduated by Fahrenheit's Scale.—The Barometer is divided into inches and decimals.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL—continued.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
MAY	T 1	29.677	58.9	29.744	62.2	55	55.4	60.3	50.9	61.2	S	{ Light wind.—A.M. Lowering—rain, early. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 2	29.921	62.2	29.875	62.8	52	58.1	62.2	46.7	63.7	.019 S	{ Lightly overcast.
	S 3	29.989	61.7	29.994	64.9	52	59.7	66.5	51.3	68.4	SW	{ Fine—light clouds.—Clear, a.m.
	⊙ 4	29.990	63.8	29.973	66.3	53	64.9	71.8	50.3	73.4	S	{ Fine and clear—light clouds.
	M 5	29.962	64.8	30.010	65.9	58	64.2	64.2	61.7	67.0	.017 S	{ A.M. Continued rain—light fog. P.M. Fair—cloudy.
	T 6	30.330	66.9	30.352	67.7	53	61.6	69.8	49.4	70.3	.080 WSW	{ Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness.
	W 7	30.469	68.4	30.420	69.5	53	63.2	73.2	51.5	75.0	WSW	{ Fine and cloudless.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	● T 8	30.340	65.6	30.204	68.9	56	60.3	72.8	54.8	74.7	WSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Nearly cloudless.
	F 9	29.894	68.2	29.810	70.6	52	65.6	72.7	57.3	73.3	SSW	{ Fine—lightly cloudy.
	S 10	29.983	68.2	29.958	68.5	46	60.6	65.6	51.8	67.7	NNE	{ Fine and clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 11	29.860	67.2	29.760	68.4	48	61.9	70.4	50.0	72.3	SSE	{ Fine and clear.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	M 12	29.741	64.7	29.744	68.4	55	61.1	66.8	57.8	67.8	.083 SW	{ Cloudy.—A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fine. Evening, light rain.
	T 13	29.617	63.8	29.602	65.7	54	59.8	58.5	54.6	62.7	.036 SSW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Light rain. Evening, clear.
	W 14	29.783	64.4	29.819	65.8	51	58.8	62.8	50.5	64.6	.011 SW	{ Fine—cloudy.—Clear, a.m.
	T 15	29.858	63.5	29.893	66.2	53	61.8	67.9	54.8	69.8	ESE	{ A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 16	29.950	65.6	29.869	67.5	55	60.2	68.2	53.5	70.8	NNE	{ A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudy.
	S 17	29.533	68.4	29.431	66.5	53	65.4	57.3	54.7	67.3	SW	{ A.M. Fine—light soft clouds. P.M. Light rain.
	⊙ 18	29.454	67.3	29.499	65.4	43	58.8	59.8	44.7	62.8	.103 WSW	{ Fine—cloudy.—Clear—light wind, p.m.
	M 19	29.808	66.4	29.889	64.9	44	60.4	63.4	46.9	65.8	WSW	{ Fine and clear—light clouds.—Light shower about noon.
	T 20	30.329	66.2	30.350	64.7	46	60.0	68.2	46.0	69.2	.081 WSW	{ Fine and cloudless.—Faint cloudiness, a.m.
	W 21	30.524	67.7	29.980	66.2	48	62.2	67.0	50.5	68.7	NNE	{ Fine and cloudless.—Faint cloudiness, a.m.
	○ T 22	30.461	66.2	30.372	64.4	49	59.6	63.8	47.3	64.3	ESE	{ Fine—light unsteady wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	F 23	30.305	64.7	30.285	65.4	53	63.8	68.2	49.2	68.2	ENE	{ Fine and cloudless—light unsteady wind.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	S 24	30.388	67.3	30.378	67.9	53	63.7	70.8	48.3	70.8	NNE	{ Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light wind.
	⊙ 25	30.468	62.4	30.392	63.3	42	58.1	62.0	49.7	62.0	NNE var.	{ A.M. Fair—light clouds—light unsteady wind. P.M. Clear & cloudless—light wind.
	M 26	30.334	58.8	30.313	61.5	39	54.9	61.7	44.8	62.7	NE var.	{ Fine—light wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	T 27	30.301	62.6	30.239	62.5	44	57.9	66.6	44.4	66.7	NNE	{ Fine and cloudless—light wind.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	W 28	30.228	65.3	30.176	63.2	43	58.4	63.4	47.7	63.7	NNE	{ Fine and cloudless.—Light wind and cloudiness, a.m.
	T 29	30.155	64.6	30.085	63.0	40	56.3	67.0	43.0	68.5	NE	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	F 30	30.134	66.7	31.156	66.3	49	60.2	64.5	53.4	66.9	NNE	{ Fine.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds and wind.
	S 31	30.278	67.2	30.239	65.4	45	60.2	66.3	47.3	68.3	ESE	{ Fine—lightly overcast.
MEANS..	30.067	65.2	30.026	65.8	49.6	60.6	65.9	50.5	67.7	Sum. .430	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.967 29.924	
JUNE	⊙ 1	30.360	70.7	30.296	67.7	48	67.0	74.0	51.6	75.1	W	{ Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Cloudless—straked clouds.
	M 2	30.238	71.4	30.165	69.3	50	72.7	76.2	54.3	77.6	SSW	{ Fine and clear.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
	T 3	30.095	71.3	30.077	70.0	54	68.7	67.5	61.2	73.6	W	{ Fair—lightly cloudy.—Light shower, p.m. Evening, clear.
	W 4	30.027	73.3	29.913	70.8	49	66.2	66.5	53.2	70.8	SSW	{ A.M. Fine—light broken clouds and cloudiness. P.M. Cloudy & evening, rain.
	T 5	29.744	72.6	29.829	68.9	49	64.1	62.6	52.2	67.2	.069 WNW	{ Cloudy.—A.M. Clear. P.M. Light brisk wind. Evening, clear.
	F 6	30.124	69.6	30.128	68.5	47	61.9	65.4	48.7	67.7	N	{ Fine—light clouds.—Cloudiness, a.m.
	S 7	30.174	69.3	30.081	68.2	51	62.8	67.0	50.4	70.3	N	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	● ⊙ 8	29.967	72.3	29.889	71.0	46	64.2	69.7	48.6	71.8	N	{ Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Clear.
	M 9	29.796	73.3	29.739	70.8	52	68.8	64.7	54.4	76.6	SSW	{ Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness.—Evening, clear.
	T 10	29.707	67.7	29.651	69.3	52	65.7	66.9	56.4	71.0	SSW	{ A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Dark and lowering—light wind. Shower at 2½.
	W 11	29.732	72.3	29.706	68.2	50	62.0	61.6	51.2	67.4	.025 S	{ Heavy showers—light wind.—Fine and lowering, alternately.
	T 12	29.816	72.4	29.764	68.0	46	63.3	65.5	47.3	68.7	.333 SW var.	{ A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, rain.
	F 13	29.777	68.8	29.847	67.7	50	62.0	65.2	50.7	67.7	.125 WNW	{ Cloudy.—A.M. Fine. P.M. Light continued rain.
	S 14	29.954	67.0	29.897	68.6	55	65.0	69.8	58.8	71.8	S	{ Light wind and clouds.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine. Thunder & storm at 4½.
	⊙ 15	29.935	73.2	29.899	70.9	51	66.9	70.3	57.7	72.8	.014 W	{ Fine—lightly cloudy.—Clear—light fresh wind, p.m. and evening.
	M 16	29.702	69.4	29.671	69.6	49	65.1	65.2	59.4	68.7	W	{ A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Lightly overcast. Heavy shower & brisk wind at 11, a.m.
	T 17	29.766	65.1	29.823	67.3	49	60.3	65.6	52.8	67.4	.031 W	{ Clear—cloudy.—Light brisk wind, p.m. Evening, fine—lowering—light shower.
	W 18	30.092	72.6	30.043	68.7	51	65.7	65.0	50.9	71.2	.011 SW	{ A.M. Fine and clear—cloudy. P.M. Light rain. Evening, & lowering—light wind—deposition.
	T 19	30.137	67.8	30.116	70.6	61	67.3	72.8	61.2	75.2	WSW	{ A.M. Fair—cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light soft clouds—light wind.
	F 20	30.152	74.3	30.049	72.0	57	68.2	78.2	54.6	82.2	SW	{ Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	S 21	29.910	80.0	29.879	76.2	61	80.4	84.4	65.3	86.7	SSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Clear and cloudless. P.M. Light clouds. Mid- & night, heavy rain.
	⊙ 22	29.932	72.7	29.996	75.3	62	67.2	72.6	63.2	74.4	.222 SSW	{ Cloudy.—Fair, p.m. Evening, fine—light clouds.
	M 23	30.295	76.4	30.271	73.8	47	65.3	73.3	55.3	74.4	WSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudiness. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	T 24	30.364	75.3	30.330	72.0	50	68.2	70.0	53.9	73.2	WSW	{ Fine—light clouds.—Clear, p.m.
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